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CHARLES LASALLE

E *Girl* NEXT DOOR

BY ERIC HATCH
AUTHOR OF MY MAN GODFREY

E POPE AND THE PEACE OFFENSIVE *by René Kraus*

Snapshot of a Sky Chief start!

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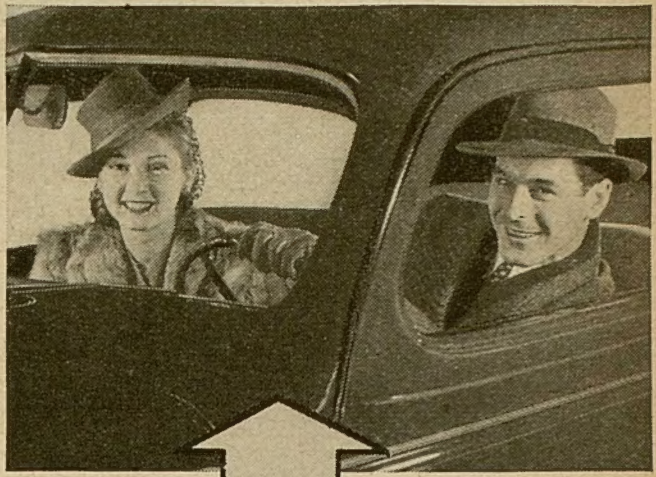

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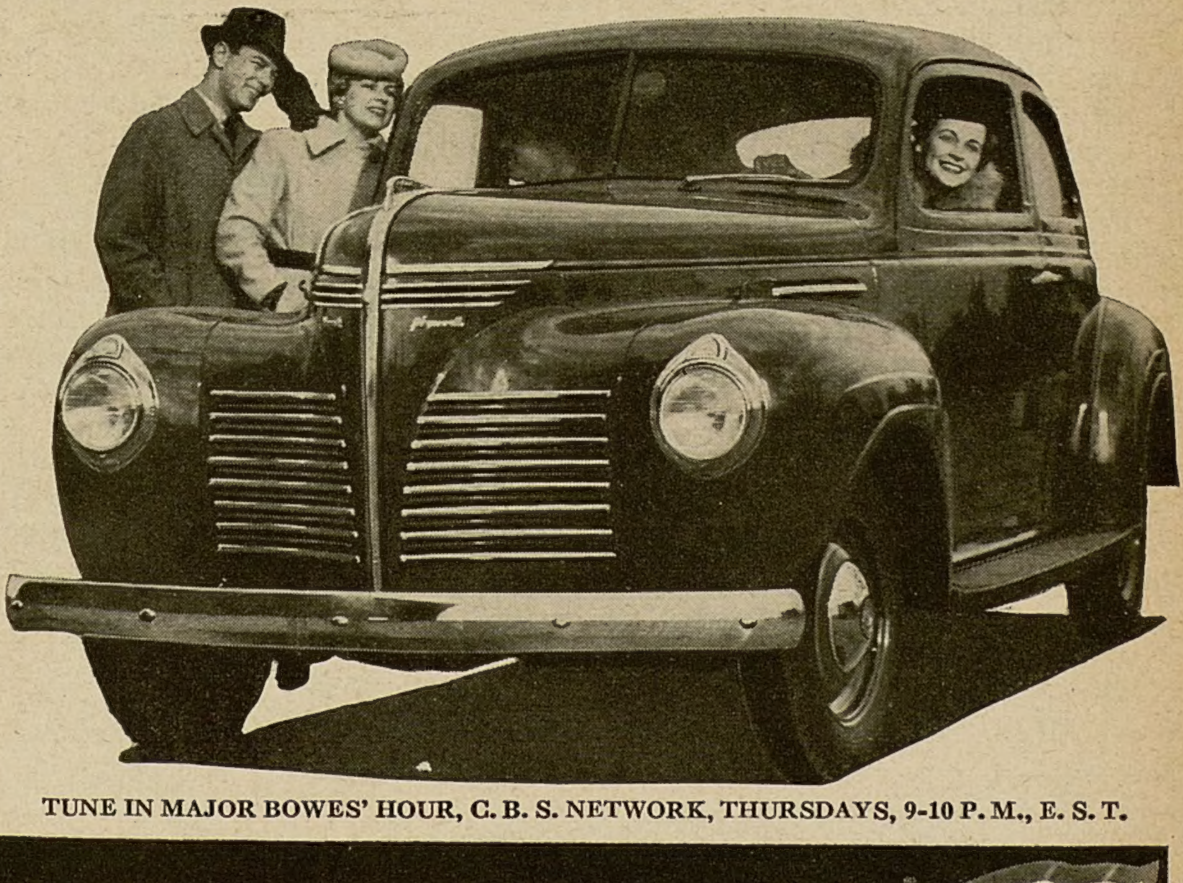

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MARCH 9, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 10

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

TRAITOROUS OFFICIALS? ... YES? ... NO?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Reference was recently made on this page to the main causes of our industrial and governmental difficulties at this time.

We stated that our citizens had failed in their duty to familiarize themselves with the privileges and immunities handed down to them by our Constitution.

We remarked that but a small percentage of our citizens know anything about the contents of this document. Consequently they are not in a position to object when laws are passed which do not harmonize with the spirit of our governmental principles.

For a century and a half we have been enjoying the liberties of this free country with but little knowledge of the source of these sacred privileges. We were born to them and we have taken them for granted.

When reading of the violent and at times tragic happenings in European countries, we are prone to remark, "It can't happen here." But no one could have imagined in his wildest moment the restrictive and hampering laws that have recently been passed through the influence of the New Deal administration.

Our ancestors maintained a close supervision of their officials. They watched them in an effective manner. It was difficult for them to veer from the course laid down for them through constitutional restrictions.

We have acquired a habit of placing entirely too much confidence in our elected officials. They are good, bad, and indifferent. They are just about the same as the general average. In character they could be classed with the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, though the evil influence of politics should be taken into consideration.

Many of our elected officials have but a meager understanding of our governmental principles as outlined in the Constitution, and they are frequently influenced by leaders who tell them how to vote on bills that are presented in our legislative halls.

But as citizens, we should rouse ourselves, if we want to preserve our system of government. Every member of every legislative body should be examined as to his knowledge of the Constitution when he takes the oath of office. In recent years this sacred ceremony has apparently been looked upon as meaningless. Many officials have voted for the enactment of laws that even a well informed schoolboy would know were unconstitutional.

In other words, they are false to their pledge, sometimes without their knowledge. They have been invested by the citizens who voted for them with a sacred trust and they have no right to be swayed by the prejudiced demands of loudmouthed agitators who desire to put laws on our statute books that are distinctly un-American.

We have been guilty of carelessness and neglect in failing to familiarize ourselves with the governmental principles that should guide us, but our representatives, when they ignore the principles of constitutional government, are far more guilty. They have no right to be influenced by leaders who have "axes to grind" to vote for laws that restrict and bind us with the regimental goose step that has become so popular throughout a large part of Europe.

Let us be sure in this next election, which is not far away, that candidates who solicit our votes are familiar with governmental requirements. We should be sure they recognize the seriousness of their oath of office; that they will not go through this serious ceremony as though it were meaningless mummery; that they will look upon it as a sacred trust; that they will protect those who have voted for them with a clear and definite understanding of their duties and responsibilities.

Though politics has acquired an unsavory reputation, regardless of its bad influence, our elected representatives would have to be traitorous scoundrels to stoop to such dastardly conduct as to try to destroy our American system of government.

But it is our plain duty as citizens to watch carefully the activities of governmental bodies, and to criticize caustically every deviation from the governmental principles so clearly set forth in our Constitution.

Bernarr Macfadden

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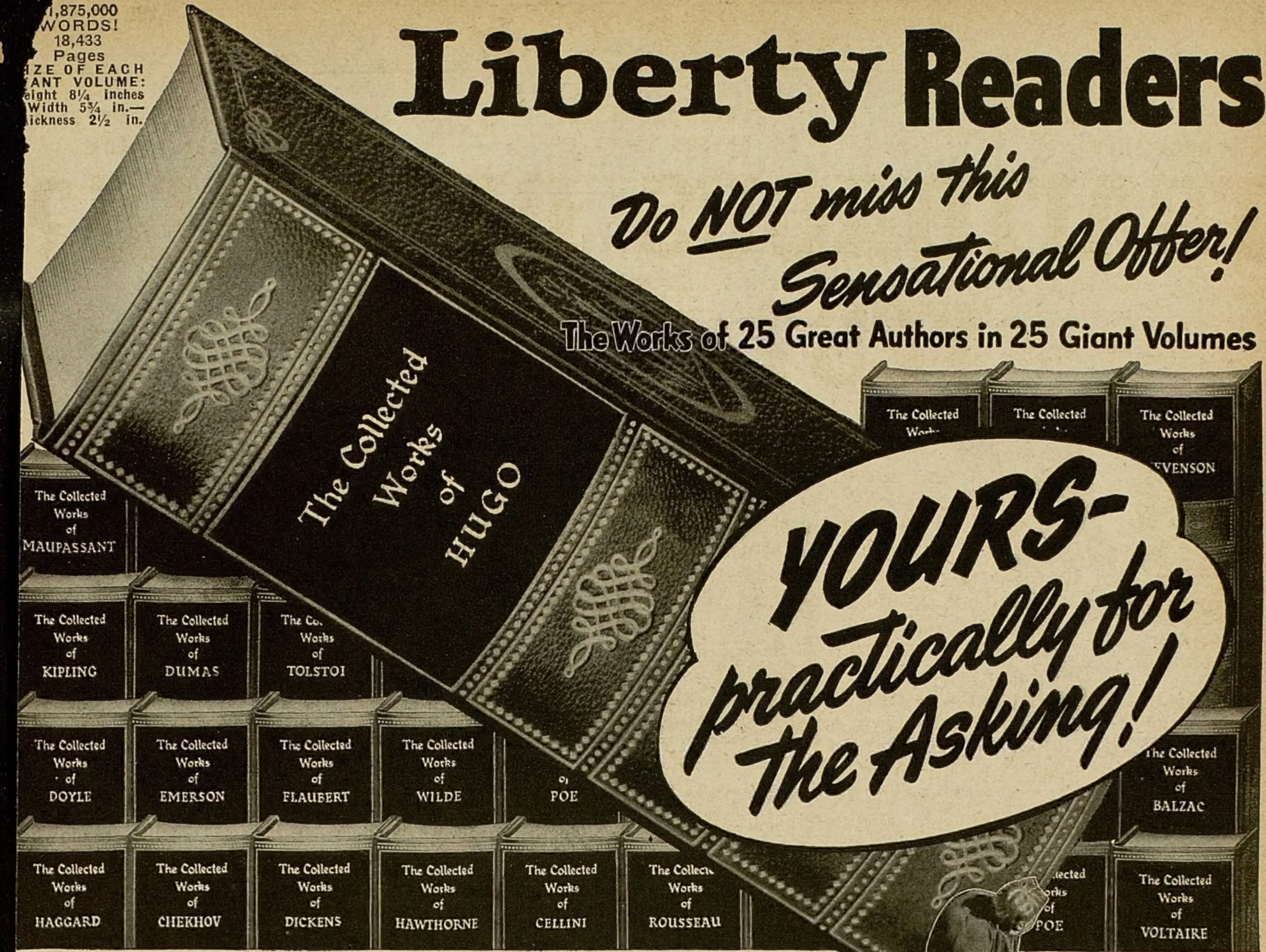
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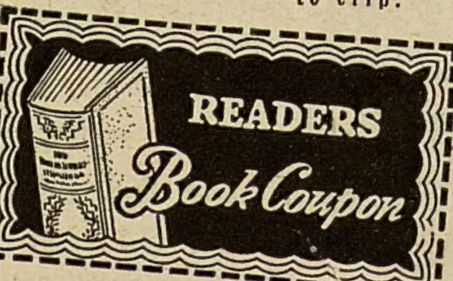
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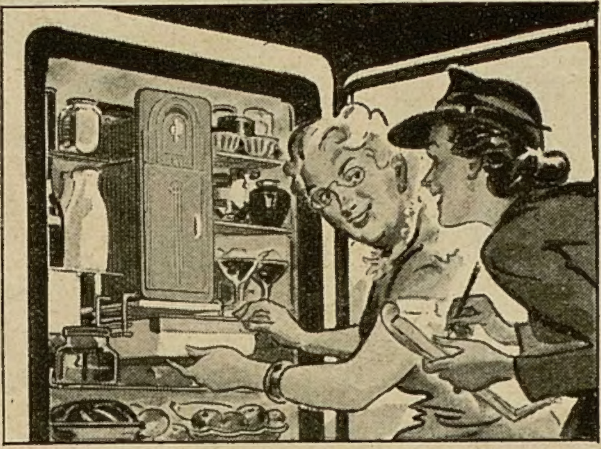
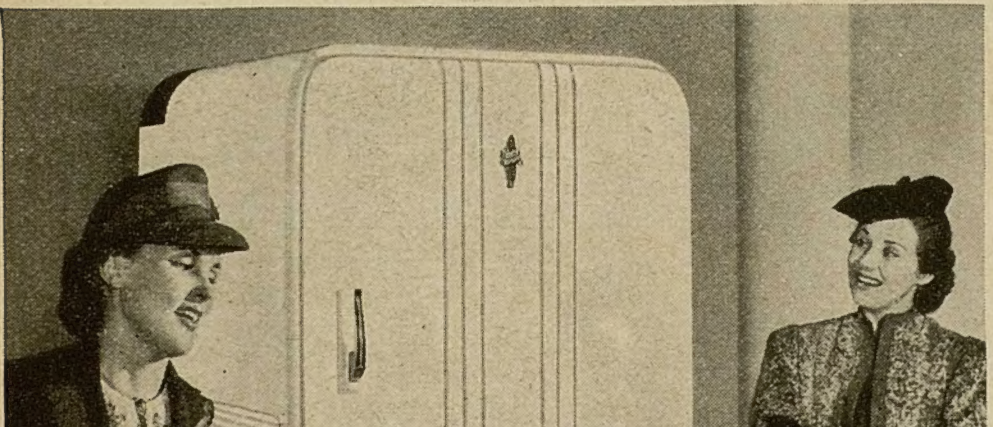
1 "Miss, I listened when I looked for my second refrigerator," explains J. S. of St. Albans, N. Y., "and to make a long story short, I picked Servel Electrolux. It just can't make a noise. You don't hear anything now—and you never will—with this refrigerator, because a little gas flame is the whole works in it."



2 "I wanted convenience, of course," agrees Mrs. F. C. S. of Birmingham, Ala. "But even more important, this time I wanted a refrigerator I could depend on. One that wouldn't cause trouble and need repairs. So when I read how Servel Electrolux operates with no moving parts to wear, I looked into it—and *bought!*"

3 "See, young lady, how it saves—just loo at these gas bills! That's why we change to a Servel," says N. M. L. of Denver, Colo "Other refrigerators may cost little to run whe new, but I know from experience it takes on *without* moving parts to keep on operating fo just a few cents a day, year in and year out!'



4 "Who wouldn't pick one with no moving, wearing parts," asks R. L. T. of Memphis, Tenn., "especially if you've already had experience with another kind? No one could sell me anything but a Servel Electrolux this time! And from what I've noticed among my friends, more and more people all the time are feeling the same way about the gas refrigerator!"

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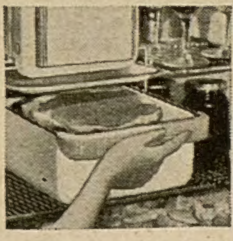

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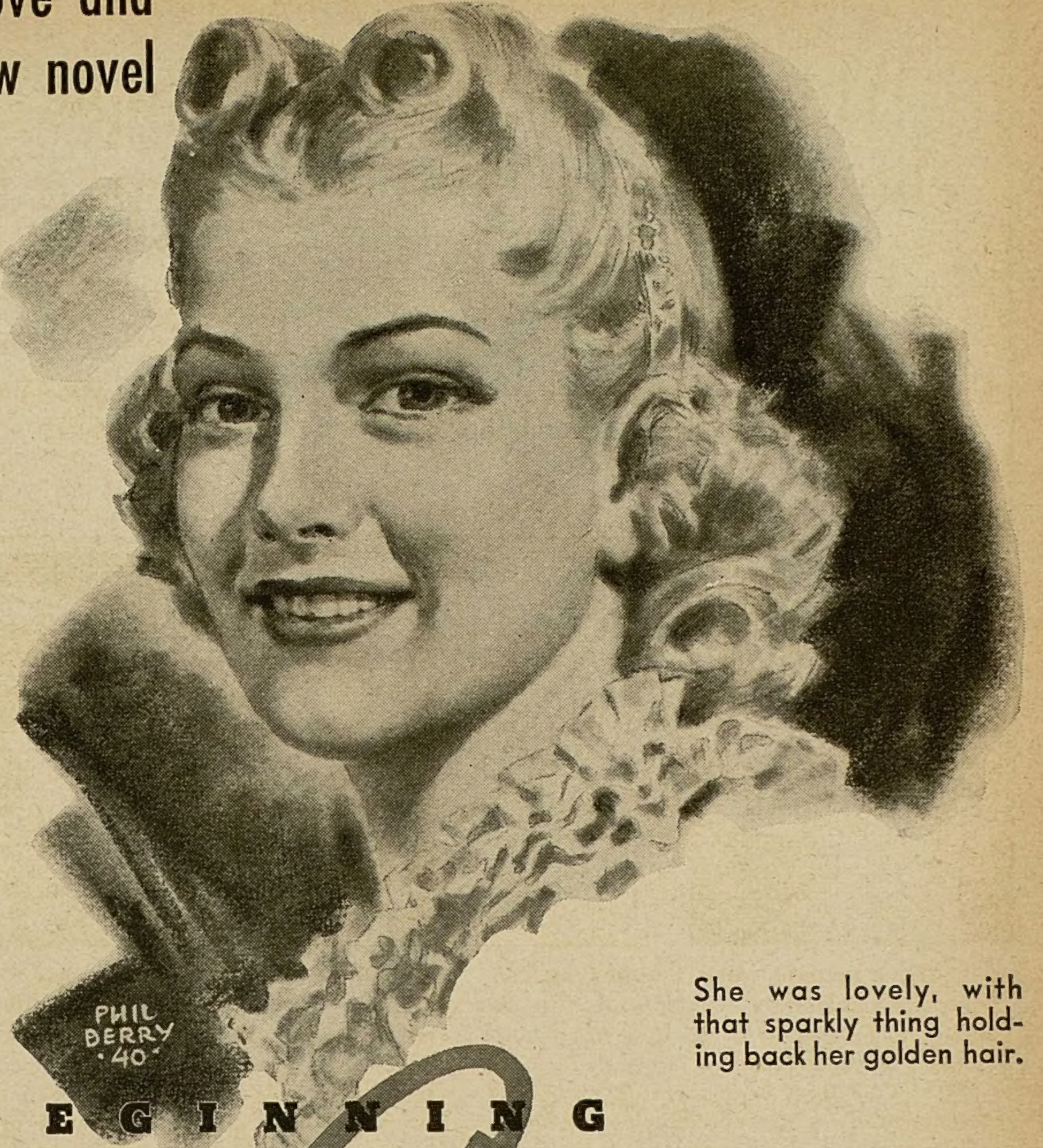


She was lovely, with that sparkly thing holding back her golden hair.

BEGINNING THE Girl NEXT DOOR

PART ONE—PISTOLS IN THE MOONLIGHT

THE July moon shone warm and golden on the white shingles and paint of Fairlands. The shingles and paint were white only by moonlight. By sunlight they were gray almost, and worn and thin and rattledy. The man who owned Fairlands was, in spite of his youth, flecked with gray and, in his head, rattledy too. Like this fine old country house that was his citadel, he had been through a revolution, the great bloodless American revolution of the '30s. Like most people, he wasn't aware there'd been a revolution. But there had been. The hurt of it had killed his father, and now had him so close to death that the mongrel terrier lying at his feet could smell it, and from time to time lifted her head to stare into the moonlight and whimper at whatever it is dogs see in the night that men only feel.

Bradley Norton was sitting on a flagged terrace that gave on what had been a lawn. Beyond the lawn were meadows that had been his until this day. The black shape of fat horses moved there. In the fall, when they were thin, they would be hunters and steeplechasers; but this autumn they wouldn't be Bradley Norton's hunters and steeplechasers. The revolution had taken them away from him. He hadn't, after all, actually done anything to deserve them. His grandfather, who had made the Norton sockful, was the one who deserved them; but Grandfather Norton rode winged horses now, in heaven, maybe.

On a table beside Bradley was a glass and two bottles of brandy that was very old when he was very young. One of them was nearly empty; Bradley was very nearly full. But he was full as a gentleman should be full—quietly, seriously, and knowingly and sadly. On the table with the two bottles was a small mahogany box. The lid was open, letting the moonlight glint on the silver stocks of a brace of dueling pistols. Bradley Norton wouldn't have dreamed of shooting himself with an automatic or, for instance, a police .38. Anesthetizing himself with old brandy and then holding to his temple a pistol that had known the touch of Lord Nelson's hand was different. A gentleman could die so, and go gracefully into another world. He hoped to find there more love than he had known here.

It wasn't that Bradley Norton couldn't take it. It was simply that because of the way he'd been reared he didn't know how to take it; so when the financial smash, brought about by inheritance taxes and income taxes and bad stocks and labor troubles in the family mills, finally came, to him there was only one way out. It never occurred to him that really very nice people can do all sorts of peculiar things to make a living. Being the last of many Bradley Nortons, he actually thought that unless you happened to be on the stock exchange or head of a bank or head of a law firm, you lived on your income. His father had never explained to him how people get to be the heads of things. The fine schools he had gone to were far too concerned with molding young gentlemen into a certain fixed type to spend any time seeing that they were equipped to be anything except young gentlemen, and to take their place in a world that no longer existed.

Bradley Norton filled the glass and drank.

"Jane," he said, looking down at the terrier bitch, "you want to go with me?"

The terrier reared and put her forepaws on his knees. She looked love at him. He laughed softly.

"Not yet," he said. "Isn't time yet. We'll wait till the moon's right—so we can be ghosts. Ghosts of a man in hunting pink and a terrier bitch—ghosts wandering in the meadows—all alone. No friends. You scared, little Jane?"

He looked at her then.

"I'm scared—some." A long pause; then, "We'll haunt Florence. She ratted on us. She ratted from the beginning. I'm glad you bit her that night, Jane. You bit Mrs. Bradley Norton. I thank you."

He made a bow as dignified as the brandy he was drinking. Again he filled his glass and drank. The moon was almost overhead now. The horses, in the brighter light, were distinct. Norton could distinguish them now, so instead of being just horses in a field they became personalities. He should have used his gun sooner, when the whole world looked unreal. For a great sadness was sweeping over him. What he was going to do now hurt. He suddenly clutched the little bitch tight to his chest, and she tasted the salt of tears that fell on her face. Then, still holding her close to him with one arm, he reached out for one of the pistols.

With shaking fingers, he took it from the mahogany box and snapped open the breech. Jane licked his hand where it held her, and trembled. He held her tighter. Then she turned her head and looked off toward the meadow and gave a low growl at something she saw there. Instinctively Bradley followed her look. He put down the pistol, shook his head, quickly poured himself another drink, and looked again. He straightened and spilled the bitch from his lap.

"Ghosts!" he said. "I've already done it, Jane—we're dead and there's a co-ghost. Jane! Where are you?"

He looked about him in panic, terrified that he had somehow left the dog behind. Then he saw her trotting across the grass, wagging her tail and wriggling as a terrier should when going to greet a friend. Beyond her, walking through the mists at the edge of the pond, was a white figure. It seemed to float in the moonlight and to shimmer and from time to time to give off sparkles of light in proper ghostly fashion. Bradley Norton watched fascinated. He wondered what this ghost would think of his having dressed himself in his pink coat with the blue Meadow Brook Hunt facings and his top boots and cream breeches. He'd have to explain, so the ghost wouldn't think he was putting on airs, that he had dressed that way for haunting purposes.

Then he saw that the ghost was female, and had golden hair held by a jeweled band. And then he saw, as the figure crossed the lawn toward him, that it was almost too young to be a proper ghost. And then he saw that it was Cynthia Carlton, whose father owned the next place.

Bradley Norton felt foolish, as though he were being walked in on in the bath—suicide is such a private, intimate affair. Besides, Cynthia was a child—nineteen or thereabout. Why, she'd been a flower girl at his wedding to Florence—that was only ten years ago. His clothes were going to be harder to explain to her than they would have been to a ghost, because Cynthia knew that one simply didn't wear pink in late July.

"Oh, there you are, Bradley! Just got home from Bar Harbor tonight. Daddy told me about you and I came as quick as I could. People *are* such lice and I thought you'd need *some* one. Why, Bradley Norton!"

She had arrived now, and had noticed the top boots and pink coat. He stood staring at her, heavy-eyed, swaying ever so slightly, but with dignity. Her eyes dropped to the table. For a second they were bright with shock. She grabbed the silvered pistol and flung it onto the grass. Then she turned back to Bradley.

"Well, Bradley," she said, "I guess I got here just about in time."

He didn't answer. She continued to look at him.

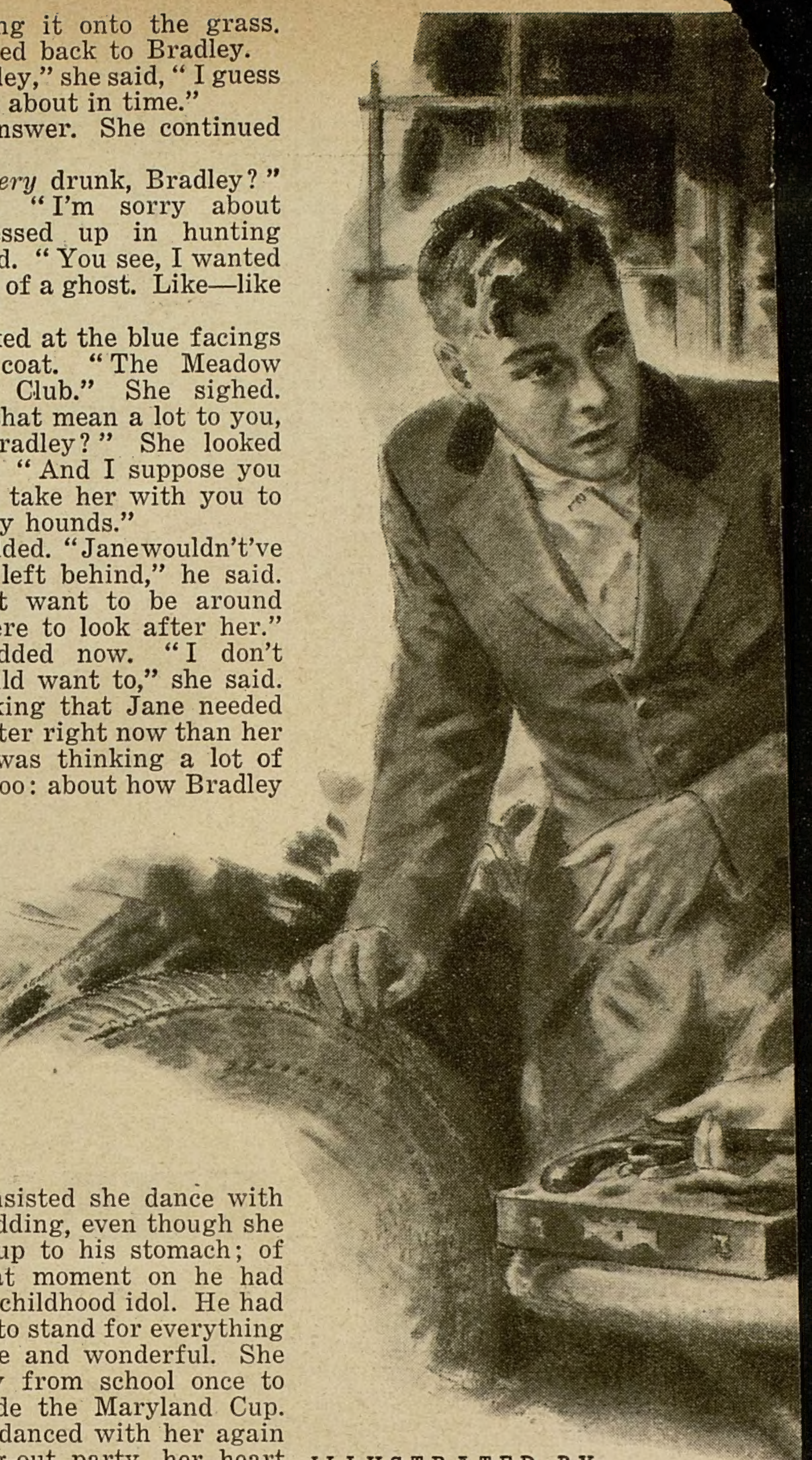
"Are you *very* drunk, Bradley?"

He nodded. "I'm sorry about being all dressed up in hunting things," he said. "You see, I wanted to be that kind of a ghost. Like—like John Peel."

Cynthia looked at the blue facings on his pink coat. "The Meadow Brook Haunt Club." She sighed. "Things like that mean a lot to you, don't they, Bradley?" She looked down at Jane. "And I suppose you were going to take her with you to be your ghostly hounds."

Again he nodded. "Jane wouldn't've wanted to be left behind," he said. "She wouldn't want to be around without me here to look after her."

Cynthia nodded now. "I don't guess she would want to," she said. She was thinking that Jane needed less looking after right now than her master. She was thinking a lot of other things, too: about how Bradley Norton had insisted she dance with him at the wedding, even though she only reached up to his stomach; of how from that moment on he had been a sort of childhood idol. He had seemed to her to stand for everything that was noble and wonderful. She had run away from school once to watch him ride the Maryland Cup. When he had danced with her again at her coming-out party, her heart had pounded so hard she'd been afraid he'd notice, and she had hated Florence with a passion for being his wife. She'd hated her even more for getting that separation as soon as she saw the Norton money was running low. She'd have loved her if she'd gotten a divorce. She thought, too, of the countless times when Bradley had been at her father's house and she'd tried to make him notice her as a grown and alluring female. He treated her just exactly as he treated Jane's periodic pups. But she'd gone right on worshiping him. Even when, with the emancipated wisdom of her post-revolution generation, she'd seen him for what he was—just a guy lost in a dream world—she'd gone on worshiping. But she stopped trying to let him know it.



ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

"Bradley, I think you and Jane had better come over and sleep at our house tonight."

He thought about this. He thought it would be very nice. He'd been so lonely and frightened until she came. But he said, "No. I couldn't go to your house in these clothes—in July."

"You've got other clothes," said Cynthia. "When people go bankrupt, people never take their clothes. Put on a shirt and some slacks."

"I've got a great many clothes," said Bradley. "Very nice clothes. I'm glad."

The brandy was singing now. Before, the emotional strain of the awful thing he had to do had killed its effect. Bradley was thoroughly glad he had clothes. It seemed lovely. He was more than glad Cynthia had arrived when she did. He was, in fact, though not exactly glad to be alive, glad not to be dead. He thought she was lovely, with that sparkly thing holding back her golden hair. Funny—she seemed older than she had when she'd gone to Bar Harbor. Maybe she was grown up. Maybe she'd been grown up for years and he just hadn't noticed. He looked at her hard, studying her legs and chest and shoulders and flanks as he would a horse's conformation in a show. Yes, unquestionably she had grown up.

"No question about it at all," he said. Then, realizing he'd spoken aloud and not knowing exactly how much of his thought he'd spoken aloud, and knowing perfectly well that you shouldn't look at the conformation of grown-up young women with the same fine frankness you study a horse, he blushed and said, "Beg pardon; a gentleman doesn't do that."

"Do what?" inquired Cynthia.

"Do what I was thinking," said Bradley.

"Go on in and take a shower and change your clothes," said Cynthia.

Bradley straightened, swayed dangerously and rested a steadying hand on the table.

"Madam," he said, "it is highly doubtful if I could unwind my stock or neckerchief. It is quite out of the question to even imagine that I could these very fine, very useless imported tight-fitting boots!"

Cynthia smiled up at him. He was like himself again now—like the reckless idol who laughed and won races and danced with nine-year-old flower girls. She went and stood beside him and took his left arm and draped it over her shoulders. Then she took his hand in both of hers and pulled, thus getting leverage. She led him into the house.

"I'll cut your boots off," she said, "like if you'd had an accident."

"I almost had a fatal accident," said Bradley. "You saved my life." He laughed. "You saved my life, so it belongs to you. Hey, what's the matter?"

He had heard her sudden quick breath and felt the tremble that ran through her.

"Do you mean that?" she said.

He smiled at her.

"Sure," he said. "Want me to give you a bill of sale?"

"Yes," she said, "I do."

"Don't ride me too hard," said Bradley. "Florence rode me hard—all the time. I got spavined."

They were in the living room now. It was dark and so he couldn't see that her lips were trembling. In a moment she controlled herself.

"Turn on the light, Bradley," she said, "and we'll go up to your room."

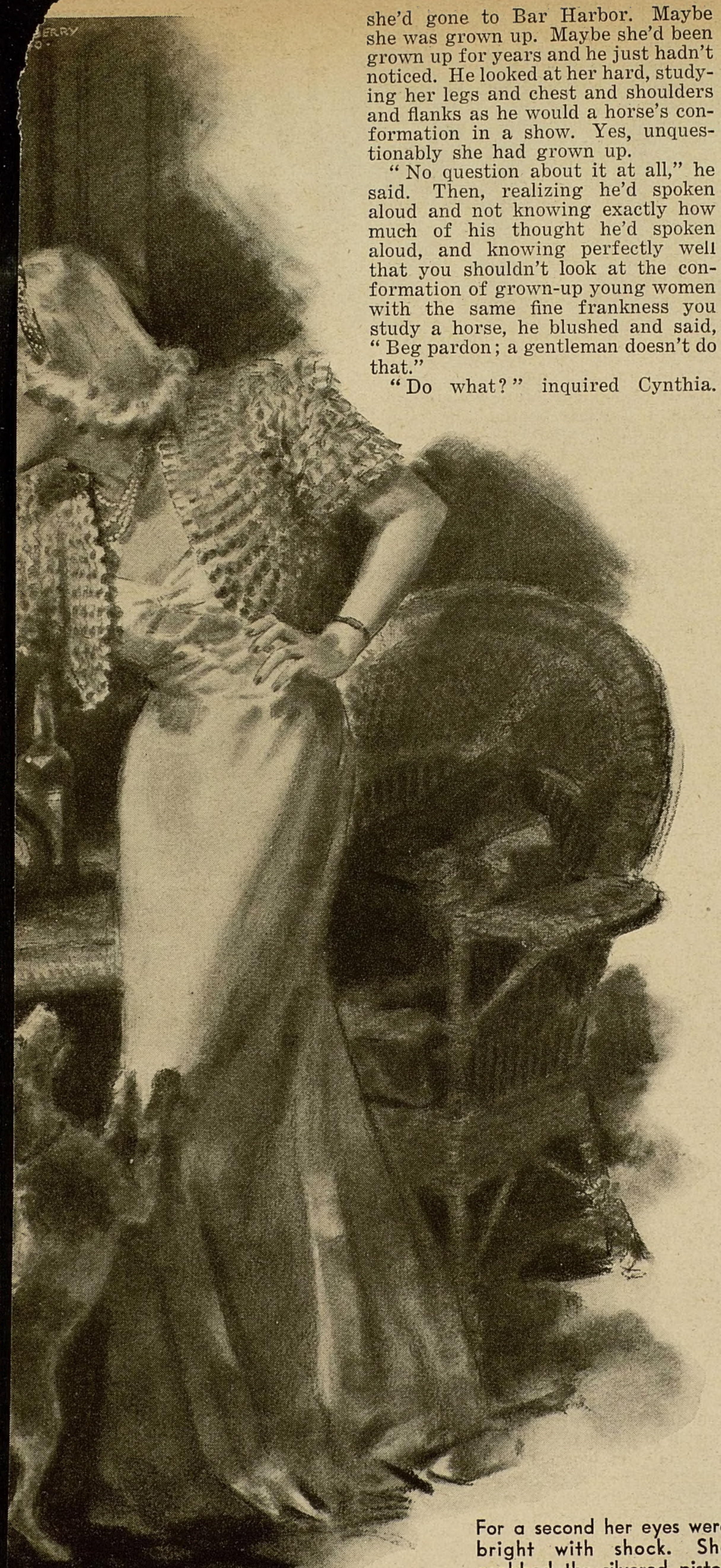
"Can't," said Bradley. "This morning the electric-light company took the light away. Rotten of them, isn't it? They couldn't possibly want it when they've already got plenty of light. Very rotten trick."

"Listen," said Cynthia. "Does that old tired dream world you live in have candles in it?"

"Many candles," said Bradley. "If you'll lead the way I'll show you where they are."

SOME little time after this, divested of his haunting coat and his haunting boots, as Cynthia called them, Bradley Norton stood under a cold shower. He stood under it for a long time, because Cynthia had planted herself in front of the shower door with her back to it, and refused to move until she figured most of the brandy'd been frozen out of him. When she finally let him out, he was sober—cold sober, and considerably shaken. While he dressed she sat on the window sill, watching the moonlight and thinking.

After a little she called, "Are you decent yet, Bradley?" and turned and swung back into the room. Bradley was sleek and combed and was tying his tie in the light of two candles standing on the dresser. The



For a second her eyes were bright with shock. She grabbed the silvered pistol.

light fell on his face, evenly bronzed the way the faces of men who have either worked or played outdoors always are, as opposed to the mottled bronze of beach sitters. Cynthia thought he had never looked so beautiful. She sighed. He turned to her.

"Sorry I made such an ass of myself," he said.

"Put on your coat," said Cynthia, "and we'll go home."

He put on a gray flannel coat that matched his trousers. Then he took a leather dressing case full of shaving things from a drawer, rammed a pair of pajamas into it, and they blew out one of the candles and made their way downstairs by the light of the other.

"When are the people moving into the house?"

"Tomorrow," said Bradley.

"It's nice you were able to rent it," said Cynthia. "At least, you have that money."

Bradley smiled at her—it was a sad smile—and shook his head. "No," he said; "Florence gets that money."

"But it's all you have, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said, "it's all I have."

"But she has lots of money. I see her places sometimes, and she has a snappy car and clothes and things. She *can't* take your rent money."

"She'd take my teeth," said Bradley, "if they were gold."

"Bradley—how much did you give her when—when she left?"

"Father set up a trust fund—she was to get a thousand a month. It doesn't pay quite that now. We thought she'd probably get married—then it would stop. But she didn't. She wouldn't even go through with the divorce."

Cynthia nodded understandingly.

"What about that prize jerk she runs around with? Whatzisname—Farney. Isn't he going to marry her?"

"And give up a thousand a month?"

CYNTHIA took him by both elbows and looked him in the eyes.

"Bradley, you've simply got to stop it! You've got to divorce her. You can easily get all the evidence you want. Then the judge wouldn't give her a red."

She felt him stiffen. When he spoke she felt sorry for him. What he said was so typical of the cloth-headed traditions he was ruled by.

"Cynthia," he said, "don't you realize *I* couldn't possibly divorce *her?* It just isn't done, that's all. She's a lady."

"She is not!" said Cynthia. "She's a b-i- . . . oh." She addressed the terrier: "I beg your pardon, Jane. She isn't at all. She's just a louse."

"Cynthia!"

"A slug."

"Stop it!"

"An old wormy thing. I hate her!"

Bradley was puzzled.

"Why should you hate her?" he said. "What has she ever done to you?"

Cynthia wanted to fling herself wholeheartedly into his arms and tell him that every time Florence had breathed it hurt her, that every time she had hurt him it had hurt her. But she knew that wasn't the way. Instead she looked away and said, "She's a disgrace to our sex." She looked back at Bradley. "You talk an awful lot of guff, like saying something 'isn't done.' All anybody has to do is do it, then it is done. Let's get out of here. It's depressing."

They went out the back way onto the terrace and locked the door behind them. Bradley picked up the pistol from the grass, and the mahogany box. Then, with Jane sniffing ahead of them, they made their way by the pond and into the field where the hunters were grazing. As they walked through the thick grass Cynthia didn't say anything, but she reached out and took Bradley's hand. He pressed it, grateful for the little gesture.

They went into the Carlton house by the back way, too. It was quite different from his own house, newer and quite small and slicked up. There was a lot of brass in it, and a lot of chintz and brightness and light. As they passed through the hall, Cynthia rang a bell.

WILLIAM the butler stuck his head through a door and looked about him inquiringly.

"Anybody home?" asked Cynthia.

"No, Miss Cynthia," William said. "Good evening, Mr. Bradley."

"We'd like a couple of Scotch-and-sodas, William, please."

William nodded and withdrew. Bradley smiled at Cynthia.

"Do you know," he said, "that you and I've never had a drink together?"

"I thought we should," said Cynthia. "You look as if you were going to fall apart. Come on in here and we'll sit down and think of things for you to make a living doing."

She led the way into the library. Bradley followed. He sank into a big armchair; Cynthia curled up on the sofa opposite. Presently a burst of spontaneous laughter rippled out of her. Bradley started to look at her reproachfully, the way he would look at some one who laughed at a funeral. Then he realized that her laughter was a nice sound. He said, "That's a lovely noise!"

"Huh—what?" said Cynthia.

"Your laughing. *I* never expected to hear anybody laugh again. I don't think ghosts are allowed to, are they?"

"Oh, sure!" said Cynthia. "Ghostly laughter. Of course *you* couldn't have laughed. You were going to be such a dignified ghost. You would have had to blow your hunting horn all the time. Jane would have loathed it—wouldn't you, Jane?"

The dog leaped from Bradley's lap to hers. Cynthia stroked its ears. Then, her lips twitching with amusement, she said, "I was thinking about your earning a living, and wouldn't it be too awful if there wasn't
single blessed thing that you kn
how to do that was worth *any*thing!

"I can do huntin' and shootin' an
fishin'," he said.

Cynthia shook her head.

"Luxury stuff," she said. "You'v
either got to find something you ca
do that hardly anybody else can, o
something nobody else wants to."

"Like walking dogs in the city,'
said Bradley. "I *could* do that. You
get fifty cents a walk—and tips."

"Do you?" said Cynthia brightly
Then she shook her head. "No," she
said; "you couldn't do that, either
Your health. You're used to living in
the country."

THIS was too much. Bradley got sore and huffy and Harvard.

"I'd have you know," he said, "that I could be a dog walker if I wanted to—a *good* dog walker."

William, who had just come into the room with the drinks, gave him a peculiar look. William had been with the Carltons forever. He knew Bradley well. He shook his head.

"I'm afraid you couldn't stand the city life, sir," he said.

Bradley glared at him. Cynthia laughed again and said, "You see? And William knows everything, don't you, William?"

The butler sighed.

"No," he said. "I don't know who's going to win the Travers at Saratoga." He turned to Bradley. "*You* don't, do you, sir? Hello, there goes the doorbell!"

William made a pleasantly informal exit, paused just outside the entrance to the living room to straighten his tie and generally butlerize himself, and went to the door.

In a moment he returned. His face wore a perplexed look, as though he had thought of something else he didn't know.

"I *beg* your pardon, miss," he said, "but there's a fat young man at the door says he's been driving all day and he's tired, *and* says he has a midget he wants to leave in the driveway all night."

"Oh, go roll your hoop, William!" said Bradley. "You're trying to be funny again. We're—we're talking."

The butler turned to him and folded his hands.

"So help me, Mr. Bradley, as I live and breathe, what I say is true!"

Cynthia had uncurled her feet and was sitting on the edge of the sofa, all interest.

"A midget," she said. "He says he's tired, and so he wants to leave a midget in the driveway. I don't see where that'll help *him* any."

"Maybe," said Bradley, making a heroic effort to join in what he thought was probably some new goofy younger-generation game, "maybe it's yogi. Or voodoo. You leave a midget in somebody's driveway all night, and in the morning you find a pot of gold under your pillow."

"I'm *not* joking," said William.

Cynthia bubbled with laughter.

Let's try it for you, Brad, to-orrow night. We can rent the man's idget when he's through with him. y golly! There's something you can o—go around renting midgets to ired people!"

"Hey, Stiffy!" came a voice from he hall. "What's the answer?"

William winced. There was no uestion about whom the voice was ddressing.

"Come on, Bradley," said Cynthia. William's not up to it."

They went to the door. In the light rom the hallway they saw a young an standing, or leaning rather, gainst the jamb. He was fat, but omehow his face managed to look hin because he was so obviously almost out on his feet from exhaustion. He smiled feebly as he saw Cynthia.

"Sorry, ma'am, about shoutin'. I thought Stiffy'd walked out on me."

"Where's your midget?" said Cynthia.

THE young man gestured wearily over his shoulder.

"She's out there. She'd kind of pooped out, too. We were at Atlantic City and she froze solid."

Bradley and Cynthia exchanged looks. There wasn't very much you could say to a man when he told you that a lady midget had froze solid at Atlantic City in July. All you could do was pretend to understand and be as kind and gentle as possible.

"Why don't you bring her in?" Bradley said. "Cynthia wouldn't mind. In fact, we'd like to see her."

The young man smiled and said, "Your wife wouldn't like her dirtying up the rugs, but I'll bring her up to the door anyway."

He walked wearily away. Cynthia looked at Bradley.

"He thinks I'm your wife," she said. Her eyes went starry.

"That's a howl," said Bradley. "You — Fred Carlton's kid — my wife!"

"What's so hideously funny about that?" The stars in Cynthia's eyes had dagger points.

Bradley didn't catch on. He didn't see the dagger-pointed stars. He thought the idea was quite funny because he'd only realized such a little while ago that Cynthia had grown up and become a woman, and so, as a woman, he had only known her perhaps an hour.

"Cynnie," he said, "do you suppose that guy's cracked?"

"By way of changing the subject," said Cynthia. "What's funny about —oh, skip it. Yes, of course I think he's cracked. Lots of people are cracked."

A moment later a sad-looking sedan with worn tires and chipped paint wound around the driveway. Behind it was an open trailer, and on the trailer was a racing car, tiny, shiny, bright, red, its paint gleaming in the door light. The tail of the car, behind where a big 44 was painted in blue, was crumpled and torn and there was a dent just behind the driver's seat that looked as if it might have been made by a head. The young man climbed out of the sedan.

"There she is, folks," he said, "what's left of her." He sighed. "There's one good midget you can buy cheap."

Bradley looked at the racer. He'd always had a weakness for trick cars, but it had never gone further than the trick-car stage. He'd owned an Isotta once, and a Mercedes. This was the real thing. He knew vaguely about midget racing—that the cars, for all their smallness, were capable of incredible speed, and that there was a cult of mysterious oil-stained men who made their livelihood riding the thunder of the roaring engines to make Roman holidays for people who liked to go out and watch other people get hurt.

ERIC HATCH
was born in New York City and "slightly educated at private schools." In 1918 he went into the investment banking business and was made a member of the firm in 1927. One year later, he retired to write. Rode steeplechase until 1928, and won the Meadow Brook point-to-point.

He walked over to the trailer and ran his hand over the engine hood. He might have been feeling the shoulder of a race horse; the gesture was the same. He looked from the car to the young man.

"You drive this?"

The young man laughed and pointed to his oversize shoulders and hips.

"I couldn't get into it," he said.

"Where's the guy who does drive it?"

The young man looked at the car, his eyes resting on the dent back of the seat and on the crumpled tail.

"There isn't—any guy who drives it," he said.

For an instant Bradley had the same feeling he used to get in the days before his father let him have his own chasers and he used to go to the hunt meets and stand around hoping somebody'd get sick and couldn't ride and he'd get the mount. It had happened once. Then he smiled at the absurdity of the idea.

The young man must have seen his eyes light up, because he said, "You want to buy her—and race her?"

"I haven't any money," said Bradley.

Cynthia too had seen his eyes light up. She too looked at the back of the car. She shivered.

"Let's go inside, Mr. . . ."

"Mr. Sykes," said the young man. "Mr. George Sykes."

"Mr. George Sykes could probably use a snifter."

They went back into the house and ensconced George Sykes on the sofa.

"Boy!" he said. "This sure is a nest!" He looked around the pleasant room, let his eyes linger on Cynthia with frank admiration, then grinned across at Bradley. "Some guys are just born lucky," he said.

"Some guys don't seem to realize it sometimes," Cynthia said.

George Sykes had taken his whisky neat. He felt better. He grinned at Cynthia.

"Family row?" he said cheerfully. "Maybe I better go."

"We're not married," Bradley said.

Cynthia picked him up on it. "Bradley thought your calling me his wife was screamingly funny."

George Sykes looked a little bewildered. Bradley was more than bewildered. This wasn't the Cynthia he knew. This was a stranger talking. Sykes nervously stood up.

"I better go," he said.

Cynthia smiled at him.

Bradley rose and put his hand on Sykes' shoulder.

"Look here, Sykes," he said. "We owe you an apology. The truth is, my nerves are shot full of holes and . . ."

"That isn't it at all," Cynthia said. "The *truth* of the matter is . . ." She broke off and looked him spang in the eyes. "How would *you* feel if, just because somebody's watched you washed when you were a baby, they . . ."

Again she broke off. George Sykes had had enough. He was making for the door with long strides. Cynthia hurried after him, and Bradley, beginning to feel shaken and dizzy, followed her. In the doorway they stopped. Sykes had stopped there too. The three of them stared. William, his coat off, was sitting in the race car. From time to time he turned the wheel and leaned as though he were rounding steep corners. His face wore the faraway look of a dreaming child on a hobbyhorse.

"William!"

The butler came out of his trance and actually blushed. With difficulty climbed out of the car. The dream look was still on him. He approached the trio in the doorway.

"So help me, miss—and you'll think me one possessed—but if the young man will sell, I'll buy."

"William!" said Cynthia. "Whatever . . ."

"Some butlers," said William, "want a little cottage in the old country. I want that." He walked over and patted the car. "Of course," he went on, "I couldn't ride it, but I heard the conversation, and thought maybe . . ."

He let the speech trail off; his eyes turned to Bradley, and stayed there. Bradley laughed softly.

"It *is* beautiful," he said. He was thinking again of the empty saddle of his youth. Cynthia looked at him and knew. She felt a little cold tug at her heart.

Will Bradley succeed in his hazardous new job? Can he persuade the faithless and grasping Florence to give him a divorce so that he can marry Cynthia? Events take a sudden dramatic turn in the coming chapter when an unforeseen complication appears to menace the course of true love. Read it in Liberty next week!

THE POPE AND T

BY RENÉ KRAUS

Can he stop the war?—A revealing

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE last time Pius XII appeared before a large public gathering to celebrate Mass in the Basilica of St. Mary Major, thousands of churchgoers were horrified at his look of suffering. The thin countenance of their supreme shepherd seemed pale, wan, careworn. Of his sharply chiseled, fleshless face only two burning eyes remain—the eyes that we old personal admirers of the Pope from his years of worldly diplomacy used to call "Pacelli's flames."

Perhaps quiet, care, and moderation would restore Pius' prematurely shattered constitution. Dr. Ricardo Lisi, the Papal personal physician, has advised him to cancel all general audiences. But the Pope's study rooms are black with people until the small hours of the morning. Dr. Lisi believes in at least six hours of sound sleep. But the Pope never touches his bed. He sleeps on the hard floor, refusing even a blanket. Dr. Lisi has drawn up a sensible diet. But the Pope is fasting.

Pius XII is suffering from shock induced by worry over the world's unrest. He is saddened by the failure of his peace efforts and by the fear of atheism's spread. He imposes the severest penances on himself for the world's ills. Of course all this contributes gravely to his condition.

"Is the Pope trying to force world peace by a hunger strike, à la Gandhi?" an exalted visitor in Rome asked. Of course the comparison is nonsense. When the Mahatma starves, he is trying to impose his will on some adversary, usually the Viceroy of India; and each time that his minimum demands are met, he returns to his normal way of life. The Pope, on the contrary, has no adversary and no minimum demands. He is not trying to wrest concessions from any of this world's viceroys or dictators. When the Holy Father does penance, he is dealing with his God alone.

This enormous feat of will power is performed quietly, silently, unheralded. Pius XII is convinced nevertheless that it cannot fail of its effect on the world. Rome simply believes in spiritual power. It has no other, and wants no other. This spiritual power of the Vatican takes a thousand forms throughout the globe. Its effects are so subtle that news and headlines cannot express them. Some mornings, of course, reports do pile up in the daily papers about moves of the Papal Nuncios in the belligerent capitals and diplomatic conferences at the Vatican itself; they transmit papal pronunciamentos and semiofficial utterances from the Osservatore Romano. But these reports reflect only a tiny part of the tireless world-wide activity of ecclesiastical Rome, whose only temporal goal is peace.

The Vatican is the best informed court on earth. From over a thousand episcopal sees come regular reports upon all the important events and trends of current history. Naturally, the Pope can read but a small part of these reports himself. But, as those around him respectfully remark, he is a more exact and attentive observer of events in our time, as well as a more vigorous actor in them, than any of his predecessors within living memory.

The Pope's day, filled to overflowing, stretches from reverent worship of the Mystery to complete mastery of diplomatic intricacies. When America is mentioned these days, the Vatican thinks first of Mr. Myron C. Taylor, who will have arrived at his new post by the time these lines see print. Mr. Taylor will maintain his residence at his private villa near Florence, and go to Rome only occasionally, for special negotiations. Officially, the sending of a personal delegate from the American President is not interpreted as a resumption of diplomatic relations between Washington and Vatican City; but in private conversation Roman prelates leave no room for doubt that they would welcome such a regularization of relations at a later date.

The Pope and Mr. Taylor have set a single goal for their conferences
They will deal with nothing but thei
parallel efforts to bring about a jus
peace. The parallelism must be emphasized: it is on adjacent tracks
not on the same track, that Washington and the Vatican will conduc
their peace offensives.

The distinction is important. It is
important to the great majority o
Americans, who want no entanglement with any foreign diplomacy
But it is no less important to the
Vatican. For the Pope's conception
of peace is fundamentally different
from that of any temporal power.

President Roosevelt apparently has an exact conception of terms to end the war. Pius XII, on the other hand, is not interested in the material provisions of a peace. The Pope knows no frontiers, no liquidations and reparations, no conditions of moment. For him there are but two questions: How can the bloodshed be stopped? and How will the world look after the catastrophe?

The Holy Father in Rome knows no parties, no more or less favored nations, none that deserve reward, none that should be punished. Again and again people have tried to pin political labels on the man whom Catholic Christendom reveres as the Viceregent of Christ on earth. When Eugenio Pacelli was elevated to be Pius XII, the entire press greeted him as a "leftist Pope." Liberty raised its warning voice at once, pointing out that there is no anti-anything Pope and no political crusader on the throne of Peter. Subsequent events have proved this magazine right. Pius XII neither declared war on Nazi Germany nor raised a crusade against Fascism. Even the enemy of God in Moscow he opposed only in dignified self-defense, with prayer and trust in the future.

Everybody knows the anti-Bolshevist attitude of the Vatican. But so far the public has not known that this attitude was forced upon ecclesiastical Rome. The same Pope Pius XII who today has to bewail the piratical partition of Poland and the

EACE OFFENSIVE

great man's untiring labors and faith

ruthless attack on Finland once tried to educate the powers in Moscow to tolerance, at least in religious and human affairs. As Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Nuncio at Berlin, he conducted negotiations with the then Soviet Ambassador to Germany, Krestinski, which had reached an advanced stage when the Kremlin interjected its brusque *No*.

The Holy Father has also treated with tireless patience the second category of unteachables and unconvertibles—the Nazis. The Catholic Church in Germany, which has been persecuted and slandered, could have made grave, perhaps insuperable, difficulties for Hitler's system at the outbreak of the war. It did not do so. It adopted a strongly patriotic attitude—in Germany as in all other countries—and it is ready to go on bearing its martyr's cross, that its fatherland may not collapse.

Pius XII was never fooled by the tussle of the Nazi-Bolshevik twins. When Ribbentrop's Moscow Pact was alarming the entire world, the Pope said to Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, of the Catholic University of America at Washington, that he had expected this agreement for a long time and considered it a grave danger to the world. Any one who knew the philosophies of these movements, Pius XII added, knew that they were bound to unite.

The world is waiting tensely to see whether German Nazism will also unite with another movement—Italian Fascism. No definite judgment can yet be pronounced. Mussolini is lying in wait for his opportunity. But one thing can be said today: If the Duce does put his Italian and universal mission ahead of his Fascist Party fanaticism and his faith in the infallibility of dictatorship, it will be under the influence of the Pope that he does so. His conversion is by no means assured yet. But, if it succeeds, Pius XII will have saved not only a soul but probably hundreds of thousands of lives.

In his long socialist career Mussolini was a rabid anticlerical. But when the Duce-in-the-making abjured his socialist past, he also revised his attitude toward the Church, at least outwardly. Of course Catholic circles were exposed during the formative years of Fascism to savage attacks that did not stop short even of persecuting priests and desecrating churches. The Catholic Party—the strongest in parliament—was combated by every known dodge. But much water has flowed down the Tiber since then, and a few drops may have got into Mussolini's radical wine. Has the Duce found his way out of his confusion, now that he is an aging man and must gradually recognize that he stands before the gates of silence?

He is going to church, something he has not done for years. In secret he even receives holy communion. He has given gold crosses to his children, and a rosary to his daughter, Edda.

Perhaps this is only a theatrical pose. Perhaps the master of the political move-for-move game is trying to arrange a compromise with Heaven. But perhaps, as he stands on the threshold of the reflective age, a faint horror of his own past rises before him. Perhaps the Duce is afraid.

Of the Holy Father he need have no fear. The Pope will show the path to the repentant sinner. The path leads away from Berlin and on to peace. " Peace is the fruit of justice," is the motto that Pius XII has chosen for his pontificate, and " Peace through justice! " is the Fascist slogan in this war. It should not be hard for them to agree.

Nevertheless, emphatic warning against illusions must be offered. Spiritual and temporal Rome have quite different ideas of peace and justice. To Mussolini as to Hitler, " Peace through justice " means " life-room," *i. e.*, oppression of the small nations by dominant peoples, partition of the world into dictators' spheres of interest, loot for the self-styled " young " nations, elimination of old cultures from modern trends, oppression of the individual in favor of the armed Moloch of the state.

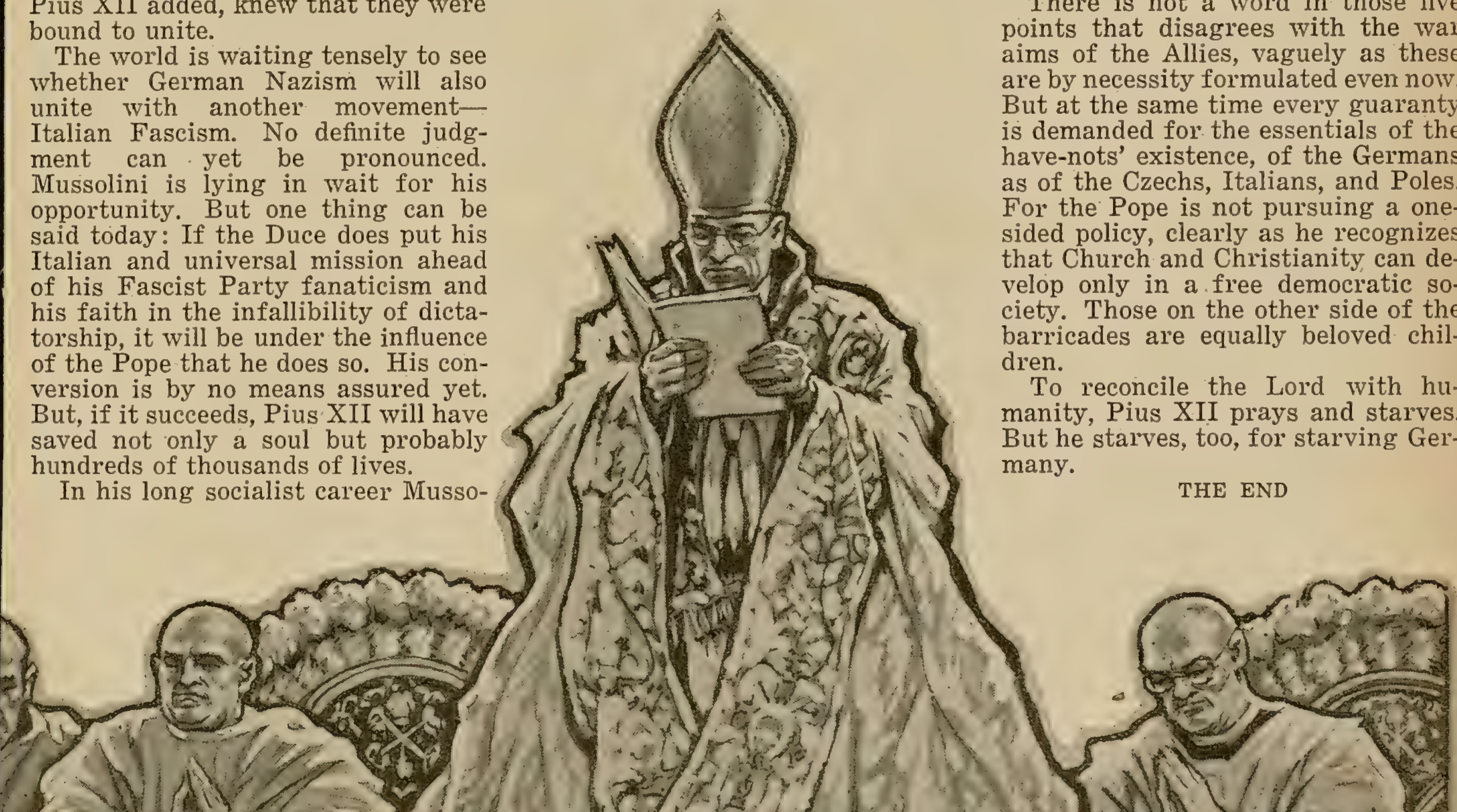
It is particularly against this expropriation and degradation of the free man that the Pope is turning. Pius XII has set up a peace program of five points, which have been handed on in most impossible versions. Here they are in their simplest form.

The Pope demands: 1. The right to independence for every country, however small. 2. Material and spiritual disarmament. 3. The establishment of international bodies to foster peace. 4. Recognition of the true needs of all European nations in drawing Europe's new boundaries. 5. Abandonment of hatreds in conformity with Christian ideas.

There is not a word in those five points that disagrees with the war aims of the Allies, vaguely as these are by necessity formulated even now. But at the same time every guaranty is demanded for the essentials of the have-nots' existence, of the Germans as of the Czechs, Italians, and Poles. For the Pope is not pursuing a one-sided policy, clearly as he recognizes that Church and Christianity can develop only in a free democratic society. Those on the other side of the barricades are equally beloved children.

To reconcile the Lord with humanity, Pius XII prays and starves. But he starves, too, for starving Germany.

THE END



READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

BASEBALL'S

Meet Boston's new batting idol, delight and despair of the fans

BY ARTHUR MANN

SOMEHOW his vigil suffered a momentary lapse during an exchange of banter, and he turned to argue a small point with his public in the right-field bleachers. It was a friendly argument, because Ted Williams has no enemies. As luck would have it, the Boston bleacherites were too absorbed in this lavish attention from their freshman hero to note that a Detroit batter had walloped a fast ball on the nose and that Ted should have gone to work.

So he stood there, his back to the diamond, arguing the small point with all the fervor of a Roman senator, until the screams from the Fenway Park grandstand rattled his eardrums. Startled, he twisted his towering bean-pole figure in an awkward effort to recover his bearings. He drew a hasty bead on the bounding ball and pounced upon it to repair the damage. As luck would have it again, he tried to make a throw before his impatient fingers could encircle the ball, a feat not yet accomplished in any league.

The belated result, greeted with groans from the grandstand and wails of despair from the Boston Red Sox dugout, was a Detroit triple. Ordinary fielding would have held it to a single. Alertness would have resulted in a shoestring catch, and once again the harassed manager, Joe Cronin, faced the task of meting out punishment for a costly, though unintentional, misdemeanor.

Having been a kid himself recently, Cronin was loath to destroy spirit or disposition in this congenial but consistent transgressor. How can you punish a kid of twenty who argues with the bleacher fans? Joe had already spanked him verbally early in the year for a fit of temper after failing to catch a foul fly. The rookie not only kicked the ball savagely but heaved it over the roof of the grandstand. More punishment had come for arguing with catchers and umpires at the plate while ignoring Manager Cronin's sign to bunt or put on the hit-and-run. There had been numerous other headachy cases of trespass against baseball rote.

As the game continued, Manager Joe contemplated a variety of punishments for this new wrinkle. Before he could reach a conclusion, the same culprit had reached for an outside fast ball and parked it in deepest center for three bases and a pair of Boston runs. Whereupon outraged fans and the harassed manager forgave the costly debate in right field.

And thus it went with the magnificent screwball through most of last season. He was a patient one minute, and a doctor of the Red Sox batting ills the next. He finished seventh among the league's hitters, with a .327 average, but he was second to Red Rolfe in run scoring and two-base hits, second to Jimmy Foxx in driving runs across the plate, and a close third behind Foxx and Greenberg for the home-run title, with a total of thirty-one!

They called him screwy, but he drove the pitchers crazy, for none could find a dependable weakness in his batting armor. When he fanned on a certain pitch, he waited for it the next time up and, getting it, plastered it into kingdom come. Screwy or not, he convinced his boss, Tom Yawkey, that he would do a heap better with the right-field bleachers closer to the plate. Since 1933-34, when Yawkey moved them back 402 feet from the plate to stop rival slugging, only five stalwarts have poled drives into that distant sector—Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Charlie Gehringer, Bill Dickey, and Hal Trosky. The magnificent screwball deposited *fourteen* home-run wallops in there for his freshman effort. One off Charlie Ruffing landed halfway up the bleachers, a drive of 460 feet. You can imagine what will happen from now on, with the bleachers twenty-one feet nearer the plate!

Fenway Park partisans call Williams the greatest Boston slugger since Babe Ruth because he hits one of the longest balls on record. Others look upon him as a reincarnation of the immortal Babe Herman of clockwise base running and fly-ball dodging fame in Brooklyn. Swinging a bat or colliding with his unsuspecting confreres in the outfield, the gangling Williams looks more like Herman than Babe did himself, due to a retention of the more glaring Herman eccentricities.

Once he flied out to deep right center and a breathless outfielder snared the towering poke after a trip that deserved lunch money and carfare back to his post.

"That lucky stiff!" Williams exclaimed in acute disgust. "He played me all wrong. I *never* hit a ball over there!"

After you figure that one out, forget it, and consider the fact that these so-called screwballs are not actually off center. They are a natural phenomenon with an enviable power of concentration and singleness of purpose. It is found in all creative people.

You would not think of practicing your batting swing with a towel in the bathroom, or with your fielding glove, or with a knife at the dining-room table. Williams does, because he likes to catch himself unawares for critical introspection by swinging before he thinks about it. Once he swung a campstool in the clubhouse with a terrific follow-through that sent the campstool flying into the locker of the erudite Moe Berg. Moe suspected him in a half dozen languages, but Ted swore it was a chronic carelessness—a failure to grip the "bat" tightly during the follow-through.

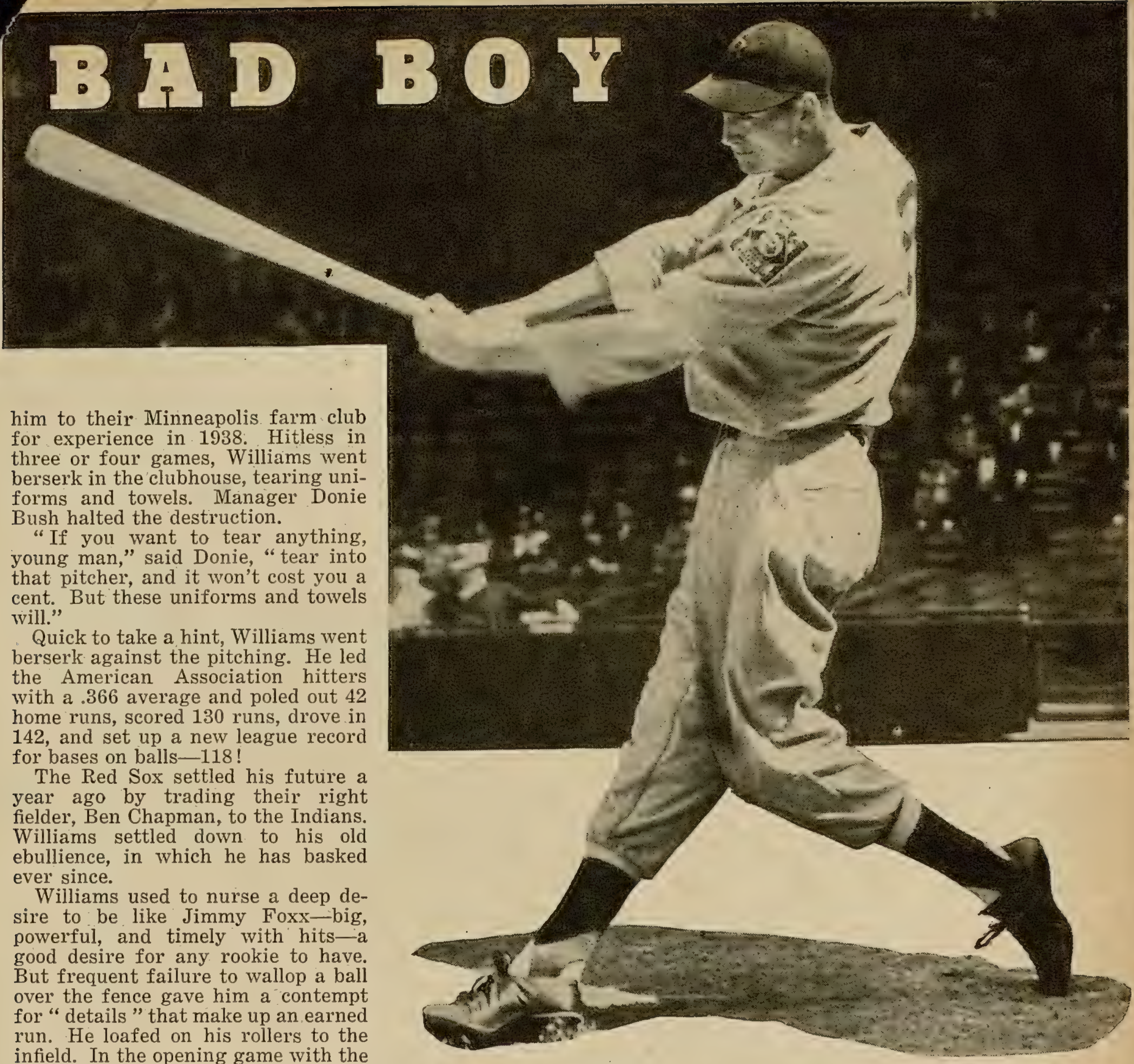
Right at the start of his big-league career Williams suffered the humiliation of a return to the minor leagues. It almost killed his spirit. The idea of another season in the bush had never occurred to him. He had never taken a backward step in his baseball climb, which began sometime during his flight through Garfield Grammar School, San Diego, where he was born in October, 1918. Long and lean, he was a pitcher. He continued as a pitcher when he attended Horace Mann Junior High and Herbert Hoover High schools. Thoroughly bitten by the baseball bug, he continued after graduation in 1937 by pitching for the "Fighting Bob" San Diego American Legion Post No. 6. He pitched his team to the finals of the Southern California District.

It took the scouts no time to get on his trail. Herb Benninghover of the St. Louis Cardinals checked in first with a bid, but the kid's parents had heard about the high temperatures of St. Louis. Theodore was six feet one, only 150 pounds, and still growing. No need of tempting fate. They were all happy in San Diego, where the father had a good job as chief jail inspector of California prisons. Detroit and the Yankees and even Los Angeles scouted him but didn't like his lean and hungry look.

Then a gang of San Diego business men bought the Hollywood franchise and put a Pacific Coast League team in San Diego. Ted Williams went right to work, played 100 games, batted .292, and drove in an average of almost one run a game. Eddie Collins of the Red Sox happened to be out there poking around, and decided that here was what Fenway Park would eventually need in right field.

From high school to the big leagues in a single season is enough to convince any kid that life is all beer, skittles, and base hits. Imagine his chagrin when the Red Sox dispatched

BAD BOY



"He played me all wrong," complained Williams, after a fielder snared what looked to be a sure home run. "I never hit a ball over there!"

him to their Minneapolis farm club for experience in 1938. Hitless in three or four games, Williams went berserk in the clubhouse, tearing uniforms and towels. Manager Donie Bush halted the destruction.

"If you want to tear anything, young man," said Donie, "tear into that pitcher, and it won't cost you a cent. But these uniforms and towels will."

Quick to take a hint, Williams went berserk against the pitching. He led the American Association hitters with a .366 average and poled out 42 home runs, scored 130 runs, drove in 142, and set up a new league record for bases on balls—118!

The Red Sox settled his future a year ago by trading their right fielder, Ben Chapman, to the Indians. Williams settled down to his old ebullience, in which he has basked ever since.

Williams used to nurse a deep desire to be like Jimmy Foxx—big, powerful, and timely with hits—a good desire for any rookie to have. But frequent failure to wallop a ball over the fence gave him a contempt for "details" that make up an earned run. He loafed on his rollers to the infield. In the opening game with the Athletics, he pulled a dogtrot on an infield out, and the next time up slapped the ball against the fence. Seeing that it was a contemptible hit, inside the park, he jogged to second.

"Don't you want to play ball?" Manager Cronin demanded.

Such a silly question! Williams assured him that he wanted to play ball, of course. Came the sixth-inning rally, and Ted went to the plate with the bases full and two out. He walloped a towering fly ball and slammed his bat to the earth in disgust at failing to drive in those runs as Jimmy Foxx would. He jogged to first. Cronin, batting next, yelled for him to run it out. Everybody else was streaking around the paths. But the screwball was only at first base—and should have been at second—when the ball dropped safe between a pair of Alphonse-Gaston outfielders.

Finney now running for Williams! And Cronin had one more talk with the kid about the importance of details like singles and doubles; how you must hustle for that extra edge, and how every ball can't go over the fence. Williams promised to correct the matter and he did, little by little. At the end of the season he had done a great job of realizing that little drops of water make the ocean.

He staged a power display in Detroit that is hard to believe. The right-field double-deck stands at Briggs Stadium are 120 feet high and 325 feet from the plate at the foul line, but fall away sharply. Williams put one home run on the roof at a point 360 feet from the plate, but it traveled a hypotenuse of 380 feet to reach the roof. Not satisfied with that, he connected again in his next time at bat and cleared the roof with the longest drive ever seen in Detroit.

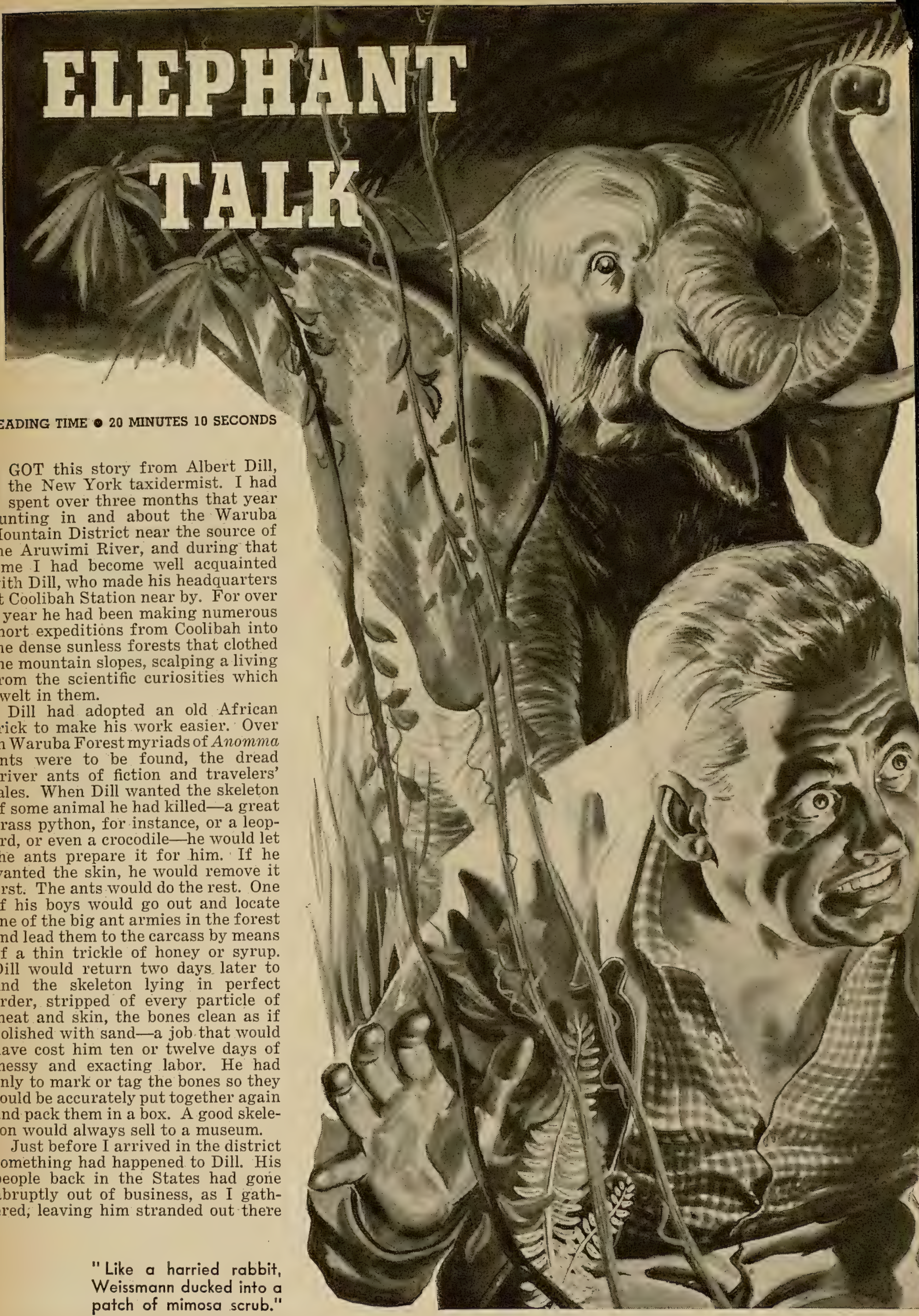
Boston took this magnificent screwball to heart as their first baseball idol since Babe Ruth, and Ted retaliated by taking gangs of kids to Revere Beach for rides on the fun machines, for ice-cream cones and hot dogs. At first, Manager Cronin thought it might be exhibitionism to create a following, but you can't fool kids. This jovial Williams was virtually one of them and certainly looked no older as he fought with them for seats on the merry-go-round and novelty rides.

Williams spent a peculiar winter, chiefly back in Minneapolis where he attended gymnasiums, practiced calisthenics, took long walks and other exercise calculated to build his 175-pound physique up toward a duplicate of Jimmy Foxx's. The kid was rather reluctant to return home at all.

"I have had a good year," he explained, "and the boys back home will make a terrific fuss over me. I am thinking of next year and the years to come. I do not want to be spoiled by adulation!"

THE END

ELEPHANT TALK



"Like a harried rabbit, Weissmann ducked into a patch of mimosa scrub."

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

I GOT this story from Albert Dill, the New York taxidermist. I had spent over three months that year hunting in and about the Waruba Mountain District near the source of the Aruwimi River, and during that time I had become well acquainted with Dill, who made his headquarters at Coolibah Station near by. For over a year he had been making numerous short expeditions from Coolibah into the dense sunless forests that clothed the mountain slopes, scalping a living from the scientific curiosities which dwelt in them.

Dill had adopted an old African trick to make his work easier. Over in Waruba Forest myriads of *Anomma* ants were to be found, the dread driver ants of fiction and travelers' tales. When Dill wanted the skeleton of some animal he had killed—a great grass python, for instance, or a leopard, or even a crocodile—he would let the ants prepare it for him. If he wanted the skin, he would remove it first. The ants would do the rest. One of his boys would go out and locate one of the big ant armies in the forest and lead them to the carcass by means of a thin trickle of honey or syrup. Dill would return two days later to find the skeleton lying in perfect order, stripped of every particle of meat and skin, the bones clean as if polished with sand—a job that would have cost him ten or twelve days of messy and exacting labor. He had only to mark or tag the bones so they could be accurately put together again and pack them in a box. A good skeleton would always sell to a museum.

Just before I arrived in the district something had happened to Dill. His people back in the States had gone abruptly out of business, as I gathered, leaving him stranded out there

The weird and haunting chronicle of a tusker's revenge. Is it beyond belief?

BY PAUL ANNIXTER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

the middle of Tophet with a hundred or more valuable specimens on his hands but practically no funds. The fellow was typical of his kind and calling the world over—lean, lantern-jawed, fanatically serious. When I offered a bit of financial aid, he refused and made a point of avoiding me for three weeks afterward for fear I'd step out of line again. He had written to numerous people in England and the States during that time, and had finally been forced to throw in his hand with Kurt Weissmann, a German ivory poacher, in order to live. He was a good shot, and Weissmann, seeing a use for him, had hired him for two or three months' hunting in the interior.

I had heard of this Weissmann long before arriving in Waruba District, a famous killer of elephants (I will not call him an elephant hunter). Now, it must be understood that hunting elephants and making it pay is vastly different from paying to hunt elephants as the ordinary sportsman does. The latter goes out with a safari and a government license and bags one or two specimens. The former, with a few black trackers and some high-power rifles, plies through the country, killing indiscriminately as he goes. It is a hard and hazardous life, dodging government agents as well as the many deaths and dangers of the hunt.

When a poacher strikes the trail of a good tusker, he cannot afford to let anything stop him. He must trail the beast night and day. He must sleep wherever night finds him; in a tree if he is in bad lion country, otherwise rolled up in a blanket on the ground wet with the perpetual mold of the forest, taking gruesome chances with snakes, hyenas, and leopards while he sleeps.

Weissmann had made money, it was rumored. He had amassed a very unsavory reputation, also, that stretched from Nairobi clear through British East to the Aruwimi River, and I did not doubt that he deserved it, after seeing the man. He was an undelineated chunk of protoplasm with a wrestler's build, thick chest, heavy thighs, his arms overlong, and, to keep them in proportion, his thick strong hands were short and blunt. There was a terrific trigger pull in his stubby, powerful index finger, and he needed it for the numerous massive big-bore guns he handled on the elephant trails. He had little porcine eyes and a low-bridged nose that turned up at the end, indecently presenting his nostrils to an offended world. His brush of short bristly hair was the nameless hue of wet straw.

Weissmann lived in a dhow somewhere up the Aruwimi, with half a dozen native wenches. He had gone Fanti—that is, taken native wives—when he first came to the country; and when a white man does that, it usually spells but one thing—depravity.

One could see it in the man in many little ways. It was underneath the punctilious Prussian politeness he always showed, which one always felt was merely a cover to hide traits of character which, if they had blossomed to view, would have banned him from the society of decent men. It was the old familiar story of white men in the tropics. Your American is timed a bit too fast, works too hard and worries too much, to succeed below the equator. Your Frenchman works not hard enough. Spaniards and Portuguese, fitted for the climate better than any, are persistently undermined by lack of race barriers. While your German runs to plain swinishness. Only the Britisher proves invincible in the colonies: poised and moderate, satisfied with all his traditions, knowing better how to transplant himself and his codes to new lands than his counterpart in any other nation.

I did not see much of Dill after he threw in with Weissmann. About once in two or three weeks he would show up at Coolibah Station, where I made my headquarters, and we would have a sundowner and a few minutes' talk. He didn't say much, but I saw that he hated his job. Weissmann, I gathered, was uncouth—a butcher. It was all Dill could do to abide the man. The niggers in general hated him too, even the Azandeh trackers that hunted with him. Of all the bush tribes, the Azandeh are the most skilled in elephant ways and lore. There were some who averred that the Azandeh were jealous of the German because his efficiency in the jungle equaled that of their most skillful trackers. Certainly Weissmann possessed an almost uncanny knowledge as to the whereabouts of the elephant herds at any time. And he possessed a most miraculous immunity to tropical disease. Fever, dysentery, sleeping sickness—all those things which are fatal to the white man—passed him by. Fifteen years of tramping the forests of the Aruwimi had merely deepened the dull red of his face, made more violent the chill blue light of his eyes.

Not to digress further, two months went by, and each time Dill went out from Coolibah on a fresh hunt I thought I had seen the last of him. But I had set my heart on the head of a white rhino, and as these customers are not to be come upon every day—or every year, for that matter—I was still camped over on the slopes of Waruba when Dill returned from his final six weeks' hunt, alone. He appeared one afternoon out of the trackless tangle of vegetation that furred the mountain slope above me, all grimy and exhausted from a long hard trek, and dropped down in my single camp chair with only a nod of greeting. He was quite done in; but the look of his steady sun-drained eyes gave me the feeling that he had something important to impart.

"Well, Albert, back from another hunt?" I said, dropping down on my cot. "When do you go out again?"

"Yes, I'm back; and I shan't be going out again ever," he answered, without a touch of raillery or inflection of any kind in his tone.

Dill let his battered helmet drop to the ground, and sat for a space, his chin on his brown khaki shirt, tapping the tips of his fingers together. "That job of mine led me into a deucedly rotten experience," he said, after a considerable time. "I'm on my way in to Coolibah to turn in a report on it, but first I thought I'd like to tell you about it. You know, I fancy I'm not quite myself yet, and—" He broke off, stuck in the shoals of some inner contemplation.

"Go ahead, old man," I said, to spur him on, and made myself comfortable with a couple of pillows.

"You'll find it hard to believe this story—every one will, for that matter; but I have pieced together an explanation of it all that satisfies me, based on what I've seen in the past two months."

I repressed a grin, for piecing together was certainly Dill's long suit—bones, specimens, stories, whatever.

"I think I put over to you the way I felt about this job with Weissmann. I've hunted as much as the next man since coming out here, but I've never yet shot an elephant without a very definite twinge of distaste and regret. It always smacks of murder to me, and I've heard many hunters say the same. Besides having the brain of a man and a memory that is even longer than man's, there is so much of him to die, in bulk as well as majesty. But Weissmann liked killing elephants—liked it for more than the money that was in it.

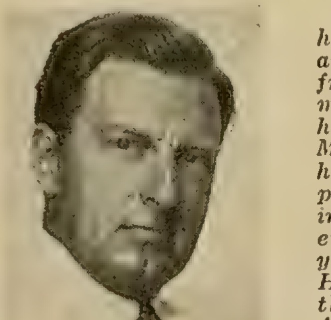
"He killed indiscriminately, regardless of age or sex; killed even the youngest babies with tusks no bigger than rhino teeth. And he never followed a wounded elephant to put it out of its misery—which might last for weeks, even months—unless it happened to be a big bull with a remarkable pair of tusks.

"I hadn't been out long with Weissmann before I became aware of several queer things. That the natives hated him deeply, for one thing, even his own Azandeh trackers. Behind his back they called him *mal appo* [meaning very mean and bad]. Mostly, this was on account of his conduct in the native villages, about which there were many unsavory rumors based on facts. They also whispered among themselves that the jungle was going to catch up with Kurt Weissmann, or words to that effect. Now, you'll understand that a thing like that is vastly different coming from natives than coming from white men. Your native doesn't indulge in that sort of idle gossip. He doesn't talk unless he has something to go on. I couldn't help but overhear some of this, and I spoke to Weissmann about it. He merely laughed in his unpleasant way and said the blackamoors were worried over government agents.

THEN I began to get deeper into the natives' minds. I began to be afraid. No one who hunts elephants long can escape elephant fear. At first you don't have it because you don't see deeply enough. But the more you learn about elephants, the deeper your trepidation. They do such diabolical things—and all of them thought out. Sometimes they corner a man in the brush, and sit on him and steam-roll him into the ground. Sometimes they take a hunter up in their trunks and pull him over their tusks as you'd pull on a pair of gloves, or toss him thirty feet through the air, as they did to that poor devil Behymer last year.

"Oh, they're malicious brutes, when they know a man's a professional hunter and has killed members of their herd. You know when you're on the trail that they're keeping close track of you, watching, hating, signaling about you, night and day. You know them for a quasi-human, hypernormal race with strange taboos and mystical laws, and a very definite language of their own. There is the ordinary peaceful conversation that goes on among them as they feed, for instance; blasting, trumpeting, squealing. Then there is a communication which, near at hand, is soft and deceptive, but which carries for an amazing distance. It is a communication with other elephants far away; sometimes faint and clear like the notes of a signal drum, at other times, I am convinced, keyed in a pitch too high or too grave for human ears to catch, but which can be heard for miles if one is attuned to it. Weissmann had a tracker named Wafa who could hear it. He was apt to get up at any time of day, in the middle of a meal or a rest, and point an arm off in a certain direction, with a single word: 'Tembu.' Weissmann never doubted the man. He would get the party on the move and follow, and without fail we would come in time upon a herd in the bush, sometimes after marching half a day.

"Then there's another elephant sound that no hunter ever forgets. It's the wild insensate scream of a charging elephant, a terrible elemental cry of fury, and it affects a chap's very blood and the cells of his body, filling him with the fear of death."



PAUL ANNIXTER *has always been an ardent hunter and has frequently made animals the heroes of his stories. Born in Minnesota, he earned his schooling by hopping bells and carrying papers, and then embarked on three years of vagabonding. He and his wife make their home in Los Angeles, California.*

Dill paused for a space, and when he went on again he spoke slowly, as if mapping his course through a region not altogether clear to himself:

"This last trip out we went much farther than ever before, away in past the Waruba Range, into a grim pathless region of volcanic rock and dense thorn and mimosa scrub, which even the natives avoid in their hunting, for it is bad lion country and a favorite haunt of the *Anomma* ants. Twice in the first two days we had to break camp and flee when traveling columns of the drivers discovered our camp. You can't fight driver ants, you understand. They will even attack hot coals or fire, and perish by the millions doing it.

"It was the very heart of the elephant country. Weissmann had been in there several times before. I could tell by the feel and the sounds that came from the elephant herds, long before I saw the elephant pits he had dug there. There were several of them along the main elephant trails, twelve or thirteen feet deep and covered over with limbs and leaves and a few inches of soil to camouflage them. They were studded at the bottom with sharp stakes of hard burned wood. When an elephant falls into one of these, he is spitted by the sharp stakes. The pit is too small for him to move and the sides are almost vertical. He dies slowly and in agony unless the hunter comes and mercifully releases him. Weissmann, of course, did not bother about things like that.

"Two of the pits held emaciated elephants that had died in torment. We collected the ivory from these and went on. Weissman had become highfire over signs of a gigantic tusker in the vicinity. Two or three times we had seen, deep driven into the soil of the forest, great round holes that were the tracks of a monster bull elephant. One day we caught a glimp of him on a distant hillside, a gian standing more than twelve feet high at the shoulder, the biggest tusker that even the Azandeh trackers had ever seen.

"He had the sunken temples and deeply wrinkled skin that tell of age in the elephant as well as the human world. As the days went on, we saw that he was the master, the moving spirit of the several herds that sought sanctuary in that region. We learned to recognize the pitch of his trumpet note, saw how the herds moved or congregated at his call. The more Weissmann saw and heard of the bull, the keener he became to take that pair of record tusks. But I wanted more than anything else to get out of that haunted bush. It was one of those dark and secret places untouched as yet by the hand of man. And all the time there was that elephant talk going on, and I knew, as well as if I had heard it in English words, that the elephants were biding their time, waiting for vengeance. It was too strange, too absurd, to put over to an unimaginative mind like Kurt Weissmann's, but I knew the natives were feeling just what I felt.

"Four days passed, and we continued to hang on the heels of the shifting herds. We had taken ivory enough for two safaris, but still Weissmann would not leave. Then one morning we woke up to find our men had deserted in the night. Weissmann cursed them unto the third generation, but he was still determined to have one more try for the big bull. I tried to dissuade him, but it was no use.

"All morning we hung to the spoor of the big bull. Twice we almost came up with him; but the elephants would melt away before us like spooks, in a way you'd never dream possible unless you'd seen it. We followed on, through almost impenetrable stretches of lantana and thorn scrub, pressing through matted masses of brush and creepers, now and then one of us climbing a tree to look across the forest top for guidance. It was about midafternoon, and we were so close to the elephants we could hear occasional crackles ahead as the animals rode down small trees or broke off branches in their feeding.

WEISSMANN motioned me to climb another tree and look ahead. I had almost reached the top when some movement caused me to look down. It was the flapping of two great fan ears. I was looking down on the head and back of a huge elephant—the Old One himself. With no more sound than a drifting shadow, he was pressing through the thick scrub toward Weissmann, trunk curled aloft in anger. As I shouted a warning I heard the snap of Weissmann's safety catch. The German fired twice in quick succession, but the shots had no more visible effect on the monster than stones from a slingshot.

"I heard a stifled yell, saw Weissmann running below, and the air was illed with that harsh blaring trumpet note with which bull elephants warn of a killing. Like a harried rabbit, Weissmann ducked into a great patch of mimosa scrub and wriggled his way in to the center of the barbed, iron-hard mass. Just as he reached the center of the thorny growth the elephant reached the outer edge of the patch. You know how close-set and steely strong the jungle mimosa grows, its branches covered with eight-inch thorns sharp as needles. It stopped even that mountain of flesh. Craftily he began circling the thicket, trying to find some opening through which he could snake the man out with his trunk."

"Weissmann had dropped his rifle?" I asked.

YES," Dill nodded, "or thrown it away in desperation. Meantime I was coming down from the treetop. I had left my rifle leaning against the trunk. If I could reach it, I thought, I might be able to put the brute out with an eye or brain shot. But before I was forty feet from the ground I was aware of the swinish little eyes of the bull fixed upon me with a sinister intentness. He gave a squealing blast of rage, wheeled, and came rushing to the foot of the tree. Instantly he saw my rifle, snatched it up in his trunk and dashed it to the ground. Another moment and his four-and-a-half-ton weight had bent and shattered it into useless junk, his reddish little eyes meantime never leaving my face.

"His blast had evidently been a signal. From the distant bush came the sound of crackling in the thickets drawing nearer, and a younger bull and one of those sour thin-tusked old-maid elephants that are always co-leaders in an African herd came out of the scrub. Low talk and signals passed between them. The female joined the ancient bull; the younger bull came over and stood beneath my tree. He looked up at me, his little eyes glowing red with a lust for slaughter, and I tell you there was a sense back of them of a brain quite the equal of my own, and a patience ten times as great.

"Meantime Weissmann had seized a chance to wriggle out from the far side of the mimosa thicket. I saw him get to his feet and run for his life down an elephant trail that led between the thorns. The old bull wheeled and went thudding in pursuit, the grim old female at his heels. I shouted. It looked like a mad thing to do. I think now that Weissmann had a plan, but it would have been better for him if he had never thought of it."

Dill fell silent again for a few moments and sat thinking. He rose and got a drink of water from my canvas cooling bag before he went on.

"Here's what I think must have happened," he continued. "Weissmann, of course, realized that it would be but a short time before the elephants would do for him under the mimosa thicket. He must have re-

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membered that there was an elephant pit a few hundred yards down the trail, and decided to make a run for it instead of climbing a tree. He must have felt that he would be safer in the pit than anywhere else. Of course he may have been unaware the pit was there, and accidentally fallen through the flimsy covering. Anyway, there he was, twelve feet below the surface of the ground, unable to get out, and the enraged elephants above unable to reach him.

"I could hear him calling out faintly at intervals through the rest of the afternoon, and I'd yell back in answer. I supposed he was up some tree like myself. All that time, you understand, I was a prisoner in my tree. It would have been plain suicide for me to have tried to climb down. Other elephants had come up, dozens of them, and one or two of them remained always at the foot of my tree. They kept signaling back and forth in furious whistlings and trumpetings. They were out for our blood, no mistaking that.

"Toward the end of the afternoon they evidently gave up trying to get at Weissmann where he crouched in the bottom of the pit. You'll find it hard to credit what I'm going to tell you now, but I saw it with my own eyes and afterward found the grim proof of it. Just before sundown the big bull, the Old One, came drifting through the bush. There was an old dead tree about three hundred yards away, with two big hollows in its trunk. It was the stronghold of a great colony of the small black African bees you find throughout the game plains, and its hollow trunk and limbs had been stored through the years with hundreds of pounds of honey. The old bull halted, smelled the tree over, and tapped it here and there with his trunk-tip. Then he seized a big branch and snapped it off. I could see that it was hollow, evidently loaded with honey. Holding it aloft in his trunk, he went off with it through the bush, an angry stream of bees swirling after him. I could hear him blowing and blasting repeatedly to protect his sensitive trunk-tip from stings; for that was practically the one vulnerable point on his vast body.

I HAD a vague subconscious sense of what the brute was up to from the first moment. But the thing was too horrible, too fantastically farfetched, for me to accept it with my conscious mind. It was well on toward the middle of the night that I heard a most horrible screaming from Weissmann. It was hoarse and deep and from the chest, and it brought a cold sweat out all over me. I knew then, and I had to hold with everything I had against the sheer horror of it. It couldn't have lasted long, but it seemed an age before silence fell.

"When morning came there were no elephants below my tree. I climbed down, stiff and shaky from fifteen hours aloft. There was a hush over everything. The elephants had gone.

"I set out to search for Weissman and I knew pretty well beforehan what I was going to find, and feared finding it. A few hundred yards past the bee tree I mentioned, I came upon a singular trail leading through the bush. It was a wobbly, wavering track like a scar, the trail of millions and millions of driver ants. As you know, the anomma, when moving to attack, march in columns of six to ten abreast, making a track two inches or a little more in width. The workers go ahead of the long file, clearing away every twig and pebble from the path, devouring every bit of leafage, so that the main body of ants may advance at full speed. I followed the trail and it led directly to an elephant pit, the cover of which had been freshly broken through and ripped away by elephants. All around the edge of the pit the undergrowth was trodden flat by their many feet.

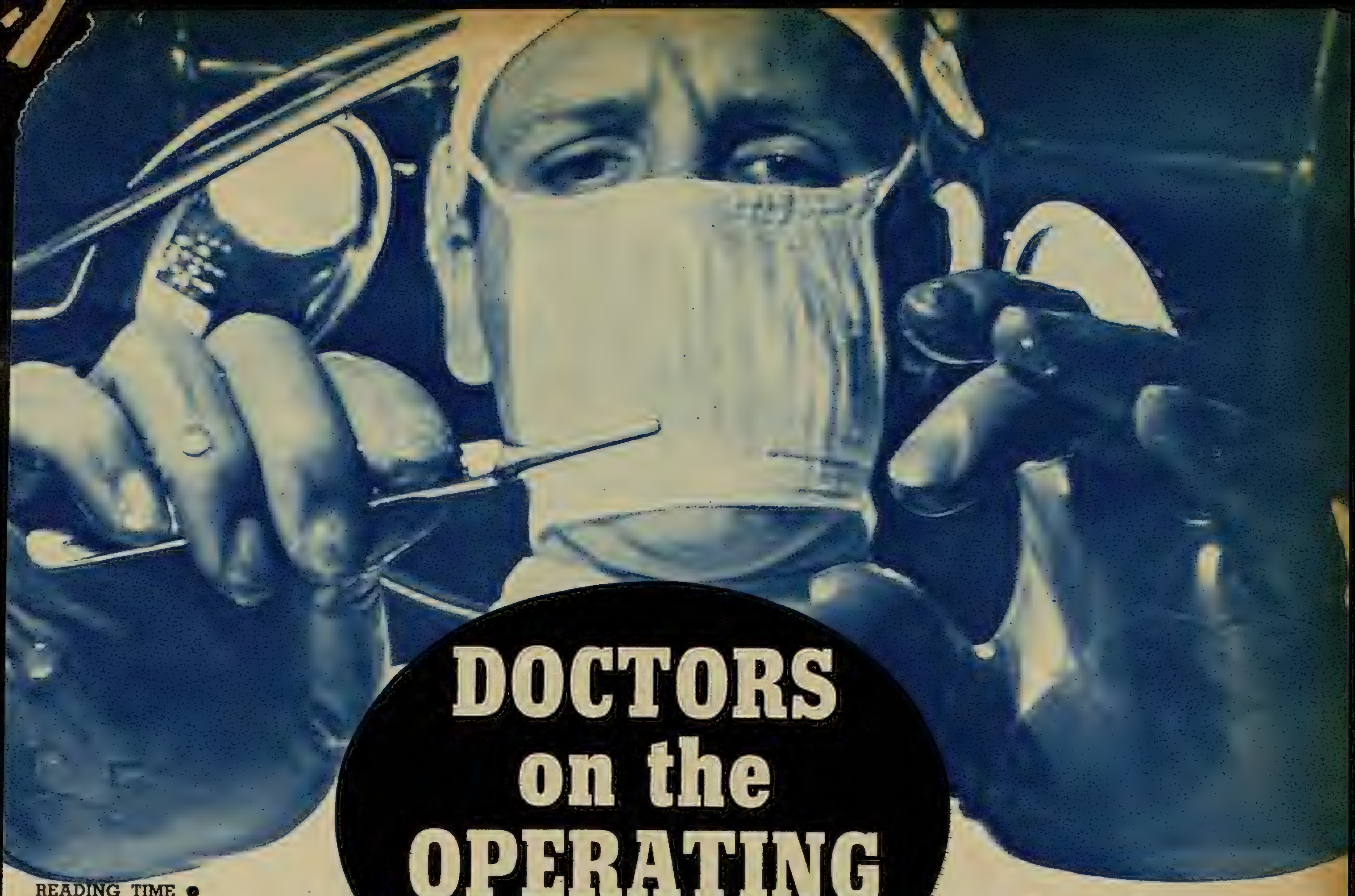
WHAT was left of Kurt Weissmann lay below, and it wasn't much, I can tell you. Only about as much as the anomma leave of one of the specimens I lay out for them to clean. The thing went beyond all frontiers of horror. I could imagine the trapped man down there in the blackness, flinging himself from side to side of the pit, trying to gouge out footholds to climb up. But the earth was too crumbly for that. The wilderness had caught up with a killer at last.

"In the bottom of the pit there was also the hollow branch I had seen the big bull break off the bee tree. Not a drop of honey was in it now, not a drop anywhere on the ground surrounding. But I knew it was honey that had drawn the ants into the pit. The old bull must have known that an ant army was near by, and, with full knowledge of what he was doing, he broke off the honey-laden limb and laid a dribbling track of sweet to draw them to the pit. And the ants accomplished a poetic justice which the elephants were unable to visit upon the enemy they could not reach.

"I can see what you're thinking now," Dill broke off abruptly, watching my face. "You find it impossible to credit such an involved piece of reasoning on the part of an animal; and so would I if I hadn't seen the thing. But the proof was all there, worked out in every detail, in the pit, in what I had seen, and in the back trail of the ants which I followed. The deep round tracks of the big bull were there in the moist earth all along the ant trail.

"When I had pieced the thing together to my satisfaction, I went away from that place as fast as I could. And there wasn't a thing to stop me; not a sight or sound of an elephant in all the forest roundabout. They could have gotten me—starved me out, you understand — but it wasn't me they wanted. Their business had been with an old enemy—a very special business, long deferred."

THE END



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DOCTORS on the OPERATING TABLE

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

I HAVE had a doctor every day for ten days. He is not the most famous doctor in the world—just the one who happens to be ministering to the needs of a little New England town. However, I have been overwhelmingly impressed, as I always am when I come into personal contact with the medical profession, with the knowledge of his job, the devotion to his patient, the solid character of the average physician.

What wonderful people these doctors are—the obscure as well as the medically great!

But how is it, when they are such wonderful fellows individually, that they are so often foolish and shortsighted collectively?

Where do they dig up so many unrepresentative doctors to represent them?

This flaw in the medical armor becomes embarrassingly evident whenever a controversy arises where the rules and practices of the profession —ethics, the doctors call them—seem to conflict with the needs of the public it serves.

Here, obviously, is a situation which requires even-tempered tact. Instead, we invariably get from organized medicine's spokesmen a torrent of denunciation and abuse.

Who can forget the unseemly behavior of the paid officials of the American Medical Association at the conference on public health called by the President of the United States?

Never did the representatives of organized medicine have a better chance to endear themselves to the American public, which, like organized medicine itself, was in the mood to resent further government interference with its private affairs. What these gentlemen succeeded in doing, however, was to alienate from their cause nearly one hundred per cent of the jury which, in the end, will decide their fate.

One does not need to believe in socialized medicine to believe that some doctors' way of opposing it is so wrong that it unjustly renders the whole profession open to the suspicion of caring more about their own bank accounts than about the public health.

This is not an isolated instance of manhandling of the doctors' own interests by physician-orators who presume to speak for them.

Much more recently, on the outbreak of war in Europe, when our entire country was rocked with sympathy for millions across the water, when honest fear gripped our hearts lest our young men be drawn into that vortex, one well known physician was quoted in the daily press as making a speech which revealed his personal views on medical procedure rather than a cooperative spirit.

At no time does the medical profession show to better advantage than in time of war. Even as this man spoke, doctors in near-by Canada were mobilizing for another campaign of war service to humanity. And what is this man reported as doing in this hour of world crisis? He called his fellow medicos to arms. To help heal the world's ills? No. To watch out that the government didn't put a socialized medicine over on them as a war measure.

No other public utterance since Hitler marched into Poland has so crassly disregarded the new cataclysm into which the world is plunged, unless perhaps it was that editorial in a Hollywood trade paper which said: " The big interest here is when and how we are going to be paid for our pictures."

The only government in a position to " put over " anything on this medical American citizen is the American government—his government, your government, and mine. If war comes

A challenging survey of a magnificent profession's "mechanism of dictatorship" to that government, and socialized medicine is necessary as a war measure—I don't see how it could possibly be—it would be the first duty of this citizen to co-operate to the full extent of his influence and power.

The inference that the profession for which he presumed to speak, or any member of that profession, would refuse to do so because it might be bad for their own pocketbooks is a libel on the American physician.

Whether this man actually feared the possibility of the pending Wagner Medical Care Bill being made a war measure, or whether he was simply seizing on the war emergency to try to mobilize the members of his profession for service to themselves, we do not know; but we do know he disclosed a grievous lack of sensitiveness to public mood and need.

NOT only by their words but by their acts do unrepresentative representatives of the medical profession soil the reputations and block the interests of the men they are supposed to serve.

The wretched judgment which would pick an eye-filling occasion like the President's National Health Conference not only to make an embarrassing public exhibition of their ill humor and malice against any one outside their own group who was trying to improve the health of the nation, but to put organized medicine on record to the same effect on the front page of every important newspaper in the country, would be sure to show itself in what is done as well as in what is said.

Washington's now famous Group Health Association, formed in 1937 by certain employees of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, a government agency, presents an obvious case in point. These government employees could not afford adequate medical care on the fee basis charged by District of Columbia physicians, so they undertook to pay $2.20 a month for each head of a family, and smaller sums for dependents, into a general fund, out of which competent physicians and nurses were hired on a full-time basis.

From the layman's standpoint, this was a very sensible scheme. From the American Medical Association's standpoint, it was a high crime and misdemeanor. Regardless of the merits of the case, the foolishness of what the Association bigwigs did about it must be apparent to all.

These young people in Washington did not invent group medicine, or co-operative medicine, or socialized medicine, or whatever you wish to call it. Most of the great nations operate it on a national scale under government supervision. In this country, in various progressive cities, groups sometimes of patients, sometimes of physicians had been operating the plan long before the Washington experiment started.

As each American co-operative appeared, the paid agents of the A. M. A. had grumbled, complained, threatened. Local branches of the Association had passed resolutions and sounded off in the press. But, so far as is known, neither local nor national officers had committed any overt act which would bring down on them the hand of the federal government.

They waited until the locale was Washington, and they chose as their victims employees of the United States government, whose cause would naturally command the sympathy of Washington officialdom. Then they put on a show which should eventually result in the elimination of organized medicine, as it is now constituted, from American life.

There were some pretty bad instances of arrogant persecution of the physicians who agreed to serve the health group on a retainer basis. So long as these moves were confined to expulsion or threat of expulsion from the sacrosanct societies of which the A. M. A. is composed, the medical dictators were fairly safe. But when the persecution was turned on the sick and the dying, the law could stay its hand no longer.

When your wife comes down with acute appendicitis in the middle of the night, and you cannot get her into any hospital in town unless you dismiss your own doctor, in whom you have confidence, and take a strange doctor who is willing to grovel before the medical dictators, it is time *something* was done.

By control over its members, and through them over the hospitals, the Washington branch of the A. M. A. was able to create overnight a situation as un-American as Hitler's persecutions or Stalin's purges.

AND what did our government, thus defied, do to defend our liberties? Well, if you ask me, it acted with commendable restraint. It issued a public warning that unless these practices ceased it would be forced to bring suit against the A. M. A. and its subsidiaries as a combination in restraint of trade.

There could be no question in any layman's mind that the acts complained of were violations of the spirit and intent of the Sherman Antitrust Act. There was a question, however, in everybody's mind as to whether these acts, committed by an organization which claimed to be professional rather than commercial, came within the letter of the law.

Of course, if ever there was an institution engaged in trade, it is the American Medical Association. It is a huge publishing concern with an annual income from advertisements and subscriptions well in excess of $1,500,000. It owns a plant and other physical assets valued at nearly $1,500,000. It makes an actual net profit of $120,000 a year. It has a highly paid staff of editors, managers, lawyers, and publicity agents. It is a business from a practical viewpoint if not from a legal one.

For that matter, the practice of medicine itself is essentially as much a business as button making. And if all the button makers in the country or a preponderating number of them, combined to prevent any one who did not join their combination and subscribe to their rules from engaging in button making, they would be convicted under the law as a combination in restraint of trade.

Could the medicine monopolists escape punishment on the technicality that they were not engaged in trade?

So far they have done so.

Last July the District Court in Washington dismissed the indictment on the ground that medical practice is not a trade within the meaning of the Sherman Act. The government filed an appeal with the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, but at the same time, to expedite matters, requested the Supreme Court to pass on the question. On October 23 the Supreme Court declined to review the District Court's decision in advance of a decision by the Court of Appeals. So the appeal must take its regular course.

LEGAL opinion seems to be that the medical moguls are going to get away with their defense—that is, so far as the courts are concerned. But, if they do, it bids fair to prove a Pyrrhic victory.

Events had occurred, in the months preceding their decision to stand on a technicality, which made the time inauspicious for any such decision.

Five thousand physicians, quizzed privately by the late Edward Bok's American Foundation, had collaborated in a blistering report on the condition of medical care in this country, which controverted in every detail the back-to-the-wall, stand-pat attitude of the A. M. A.

Four hundred and twenty leading physicians and surgeons had come out over their own signatures defying the power of the A. M. A. and, in effect, giving medical rebels their august approval.

The United States Public Health Service had compiled figures from all parts of the country showing the shockingly inadequate medical care received by individuals, especially by needy ones, under the existing A. M. A. system, which leaves uncared-for vast rural stretches.

Finally, the government's exposure of the medical societies' tactics in the Washington case had shown up the A. M. A. on every front page.

The day the medical dictators made that decision to stand on a technicality, the A. M. A. started its death march. Already, we are told, it has withdrawn from the position it took in the District of Columbia matter, and permits group doctors to practice when and where they will. This was all the government asked in its polite request which preceded the antitrust suit. So, no matter how the suit comes out, the Association has lost it.

More important is the prestige that the medical profession in general has lost by this series of moves made by the ruling powers of the American

Medical Association in defiance of the dictates of common sense.

And they have not been content simply to make their own mistakes. They have allowed themselves to be played as stooges by political factions. For example, New York State physicians have found their mailboxes crowded with propaganda booklets and leaflets prepared by a famous public relations counsel who has made a fortune out of press-agenting big business. This campaign, it is stated on what appears to be good authority, has been financed by a wealthy politician who has devoted himself in late years to sniping at the New Deal, and who is known to be in a receptive mood for the nomination for President on the anti-New Deal ticket.

In place of constructive arguments against government control of medicine, this propaganda material abounds in incendiary questions:

"Do You Want a HEALER or a HEELER? . . . Do You Want to be Classified or Cured? . . . Is There an Organized Effort to 'Smear' the Medical Profession?"

The treatment accorded distinguished members of the profession who disagree with the paid officeholders of the Association is quite as arrogant and discriminatory as their attitude toward laymen who show an interest in preserving their own health. The abuse poured on the head of Dr. Hugh Cabot, famous consulting surgeon of the Mayo Clinic, is still fresh in the minds of all who read reports of the proceedings of the President's National Health Conference. The latest victim is Dr. Joseph Ambrose Jerger, author of that delightfully human book, Doctor—Here's Your Hat.

It seems that the A. M. A. makes no effort—at least, it didn't until recently—to investigate claims made by its members to being specialists, but lists them in accordance with their own estimates of their attainments. This inevitably leads to doctors calling themselves specialists who have no right to be so called, and to patients paying high fees for services which could be quite as well performed by physicians who call themselves general practitioners and charge accordingly. Dr. Jerger is but one of many distinguished physicians who feel that something should be done to obviate this evil, and in the preface of his book he had the courage to be very frank about the profession's "drift toward specialization," and about "superspecialism."

Whereupon he was promptly called upon the carpet by the Chicago branch of the A. M. A. on charges that his writings violated A. M. A. rules against "self-aggrandizement and solicitation of patients." Also, he states that an attempt was made to bar him and his patients from all Chicago hospitals.

Obviously, American physicians and patients cannot allow un-American doings of this nature to continue.

In the old days the American Medical Association helped mightily in the fight against fraudulent medical advertising. Today, in most parts of the country, this menace has practically disappeared. The Association was also in the front rank of the fight for pure-food legislation; but that fight has long since been won. Likewise, the campaign for honest and explicit labeling of all packaged products, and many another in which the Association was at one time engaged. These matters are now regulated by federal and state supervision and inspection.

The Association's value in the field of medical research, except in a reportorial capacity, vanished with the rise of the great medical schools and foundations. As a contributing factor to the progress of medical science, the Association is dead, or might as well be.

Doctors, I know, do not approve of mercy deaths. Or do they? At any rate, they have one very sick sufferer on their hands which deserves and should get a prompt asphyxiation.

I refer—perhaps you have guessed it—to the profession's mechanism of dictatorship, the American Medical Association.

If such a proceeding is too "unethical," I recommend to the able, fair, and honest individual physician that he put himself on the operating table and cut out the offending member.

THE END

OLD DRUM BREAKING ALL RECORDS? NO SURPRISE TO ME!

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OLD DRUM WHISKEY
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

I SAW HELL in GERMANY and RUSSIA

Continuing a venturesome American's vivid, uncensored report from behind the lines in Europe . . The true war story of the year!

BY KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

As an adventurous correspondent, not only has Mr. Collings seen for himself and for Liberty what is really going on in Germany, and in the forbidden German-occupied parts of Poland, but he has spent three days beyond the frontier as a prisoner of the Soviet forces, expecting at any hour to be shot.

He found the Press Bureau in Berlin agreeable but little more than a clearinghouse for correspondents' requests. Officials who dealt with these seemed too cocksure. He concluded that "German efficiency" would have loopholes through which he would be able to make his way.

He is convinced that Germany's supplies of food and materials will withstand at least two years of war; that food rationing is but a precaution against any future shortage. Veteran American correspondents confirmed him in his impression that Hitler, though less popular than a year ago, retains his hold on a majority in the masses of the people.

The overbearing behavior of three drunken Nazi officials in a café afforded Mr. Collings an excuse for demanding a tourist trip to Danzig, Königsberg, and Memel. The one stop in occupied Poland was at Dirschau. He got off there, resolved to "miss" the departing train. In the railroad station he found himself confronted by a Nazi official demanding such special credentials as he lacked.

PART TWO—ACROSS FORBIDDEN GROUND

THOSE last few steps were a nightmare. I thought fast and furiously. The passport inspector stood at one side of a narrow railed exit passageway. The railroad ticket collector sat in a raised booth directly opposite. Both of them had their hands out.

The one thing I must not do was slow down, show indecision. I already had my hand in my pocket, but what could I pull out which would mean anything?

My American passport would carry no weight—not here. Nor would the Giese letter. But my railroad ticket was in order—and that gave me an idea!

Those two birds worked for different government departments. Each was likely to consider his own job the more important. Each would think his own duties came first—*and what was this I felt in my pocket?*

Rushing up to the two officials, I ignored the passport man and hurled a barrage of bad German at the ticket chopper.

"I have missed my train!" I gasped. "My handbags are on it. When is there another train? Will my bags be carried to Danzig or Königsberg? You must send a telegram telling them to look for them—" And all the time I was talking I was unloading my pockets.

Heaping an assortment of junk on the windowsill, I shoved my passport at the ticket collector and handed my railroad ticket to the passport inspector. Before the protesting inspector could return it I added my checkbook, my cardcase, and my bulky wallet. He was using both hands now, so I piled on my cigarettes, my pocket comb, my memorandum book, and topped off the tottering stack with *five picture post cards of Herr Hitler.*

It was those cards I had felt in my pocket. I had bought them on sheer hunch, and when I saw them skid and go flopping to the ground I had a feeling it would work.

It did, and how! To a German, dropping Hitler's picture is akin to rubbing the flag in the dirt. And no one knew how important the owner of the pictures might be. The flustered inspector snatched for the cards; the rest of my belongings tumbled; the alleyway turned into a scrambling cluster of people picking things up, handing them back to me, wiping the dirt off Hitler's picture.

The railroad man apologized because there was no train until morning, and promised to telegraph immediately. The inspector apologized for dropping my things and snapped his arm to a rigid Nazi salute. I marched out of the gate with my nose in the air, my knees wobbling, and a contradictory sense of walking on air.

I was over the first hurdle!

I was in the forbidden occupied territory.

And then—

My sudden feeling of elation turned to ice water at the enormity of the step I had taken.

I had dared to buck the mighty German war machine. In German eyes, that might put me in the category of a spy—and what happened to spies I knew well enough. My only chance would be to avoid conversations as long as possible and then announce openly that I was an American correspondent with every right to be there. After that I would have to trust to my knowledge of ponderous German interdepartmental communications to get out of town before any one discovered the contrary.

For the next two hours I walked the streets, speaking to no one, taking in everything my eyes could see. My costume—a felt hat and fur-collared overcoat, carefully selected to conform to the pattern worn by German business men in this cold northern climate—made the task easier. And walking fast helped: no one seems to wonder what you are doing so long as you do not loiter.

So by the time that pitch darkness, cold, and hunger forced me to seek a hotel which meant talking to

people—I already knew these things:

Dirschau, which had been called Tczew by the Poles, was a depressed empty little city of few cigarettes, food queues, and unanimously German voices. German soldiers on liberty sauntered into shops, where they were welcomed obsequiously. Hobnailed companies stamped through the streets shouting marching songs and no one turned a head to look. Aside from the damaged railroad station, the war — the fighting — had passed the town by.

The aftermath hadn't. A brand-new Gestapo headquarters flamed with a lurid announcement that "Polish Jews Are White-slavers." Another poster, on crimson paper, instructed returning Baltic Germans where to go for electricity and to get the gas turned on.

All of the former Polish shop fronts bore freshly painted German legends, many consisting of nothing more than a solution of white chalk hastily lettered on glass windows. The pencil lines which guided the painters were still visible. Where the signs were painted on brick or plaster, the former Polish wording was apt to show beneath the new veneer.

Yet here and there a typically Polish shop owner's name stood out blatantly above the new German announcement of his type of business.

What did all that prove? Just this: A wholesale and frantic change of nationality was in progress. The city was empty because many Poles had been deported and a lesser number of imported Germans had replaced them.

The incoming Germans had hushed the voice of the remaining Poles by bringing along their Gestapo and their SS and their Jew-baiting tactics. Yet some Poles remained in business, had not been forbidden to display their Polish names. And now there was nothing more I could learn without asking questions. Selecting the smaller of the town's two hotels, I took a deep breath and barged in at the door.

I found myself in wonderland and the promised land, all under one roof. The German proprietor and his Polish waiter looked at me with their mouths open. I was the first transient the town had seen since the war started. The waiter was still speechless when he gave me a cup of real coffee, sandwiches with enormous slices of meat —and he didn't want food coupons for anything. Then the proprietor assigned me a room without demanding my passport or even asking my name—and that is the only time that ever happened to me anywhere in Europe. I still can't explain it. Probably it was the passing of old regulations and the absence of new.

That night the German conquerors descended on the hotel to celebrate. The two public rooms were full of them—soldiers, brown shirts, schoolteachers, and just plain civilians.

All of them eyed me fishily. All of them obviously wondered who I was. It was no time to be bashful, and I didn't hesitate. Crashing one group after another, I demanded loudly:

"Have a beer! I am an American correspondent. Does anybody talk American?" Not English. *American.*

Two young women schoolteachers imported from Marienburg talked to me quite freely. They were not the least bit ashamed of what the Germans were doing.

"Of course we are putting out the Poles," said one—and then came an avalanche of words. "This was the Polish Corridor," said the other. "The strip of land by which England and France divided Germany because she was weak. But we are strong now! And, besides, didn't the Poles do the same thing to the Germans when they took over this territory under the Treaty of Versailles?"

I wanted to ask more questions. I wanted to know whether individual Poles were being reimbursed for their homes. I wanted to know what they could take with them, how much time they were allowed to get out, where they were being sent, and why some Poles were not being deported at all.

But I could not find out, not at the time, that is. A burly German civilian

A burly German civilian heard us and charged across the room. "American!" he roared. "Ich spreche American! Ja! My Bonnie Lies Over Der Ocean!"

heard us talking and charged across the room.

"American!" he roared. "*Ich spreche American! Ja:* My Bonnie Lies Over *der* Ocean!"

His American mother had taught him the words of the song, and it was all the English he knew. All evening long we roared the chorus; and in the morning I was on my way to Danzig before they got the beer out of their eyes sufficiently to ask questions.

I chose Danzig simply because the evening before I had told that railroad guard that I would go first to Königsberg. I soon discovered that the former Free City occupied a unique position. Having been officially incorporated in the Reich, it was not considered a part of the occupied territory, and, therefore, not under martial law. Nor had it yet felt the full force of Nazi civil edicts. There was some coffee, no blackout, and the night clubs remained open until 3 A. M.

That last fact was brought home to me in a peculiar manner. Upon my arrival I had stopped in the railroad station long enough to get a timetable showing Gdynia—northwest of Danzig and my next objective in the forbidden zone—and then registered at a hotel. About an hour later I phoned an American official, unknown to me except by name. So far as I knew, he had never heard mine. But—

"Oh, you're Collings," he snapped. "I already heard you were in town."

The information stunned me. "How did you know I was here?" I gasped.

"Listen, young man. In this country you can't so much as ask a hotel porter for a package of American cigarettes without everybody knowing all about you."

Well, I might as well be hung for a sheep as a goat. And I still trusted my hunches: I still believed that Nazi efficiency was an in-and-out proposition. And I had long since discovered that the way to take a man's mind off one delicate subject was to broach another. So I boldly called up Herr X—the prominent Nazi to whom I had a letter of introduction—and told him I wanted permission to visit Gdynia.

"I'll be right down to your hotel," he countered.

He arrived on schedule and brought a male friend with him. He explained that going to Gdynia was out of the question but said he and his friend would entertain me royally in Danzig.

They did. We started with five or six cocktails before dinner, three kinds of wine with it, and a brace of liqueurs after. Then we went nightclubbing; shifted to brandy with beer chasers—and I began to suspect what was up. This was a new variation of the drink-him-under-the-table contest. They hoped to drink me into such a stupor that I would sleep all the next day; and we had already made an appointment to do the same thing over again the following night. Well, I was all out of practice, but that had been tried by experts.

In the meantime we had discussed some serious subjects. One fragment of our conversation is worth mentioning. We were talking about German war taxes, which are undoubtedly high. "But your American press makes one big mistake," said Herr X. "You think that Germans blame the cost of the war on Hitler. They don't. They blame it on the English."

Drink followed drink without my passing out. My hosts were obviously worried. Then the last night club closed and I breathed a sigh of relief—prematurely. Although Herr X announced that he was married and had to go home, his friend had mysteriously disappeared. Now he popped up with his arms full of bottles. He would, he said, accompany me to my hotel for a farewell drink—which meant he had instruction to conduct an all-night vigil—which would ruin my plans.

There was nothing I could do just then. But when we reached the hotel I invited him up to my room and didn't open the window. The heat got in its dirty work and the drinking contest ended with my self-appointed guardian asleep on my couch—and yours truly headed for the railroad station in the cold light of dawn.

The one thing which worried me now was whether there would be enough people in the station to render my actions inconspicuous. Daylight was seven o'clock, and there were

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n bought two tickets at two different windows.

One was a through ticket to Berlin over the northern route. That skirted the Corridor via the coast, crossing the Corridor via Zoppot and Gdynia, which was still my destination. The other was to Zoppot, located just on the Free City side of the former frontier and therefore not in the forbidden territory.

At the entrance gate I avoided attention by presenting the ticket to Zoppot. But when, at Zoppot, the passport inspector for the occupied territory boarded the train, I handed him my through ticket to Berlin. Without a word he handed it back to me. My second entrance into the forbidden occupied territory was as simple as that.

Or was it? There was one hurdle left: the ticket chopper at the Gdynia exit.

He wasn't interested. He was not an immigration inspector, and all German through tickets carry a five-day stopover privilege. But I didn't feel easy. Hoodwinking minor German officials was all right, but if those birds ever got their heads together—

GDYNIA, now called Gotenhafen, consisted of a main street, a modern harbor, and a collection of widely spaced dwellings and apartment houses which resembled an American boom town far more than they did the average compact European city. The town at least had escaped any visible damage from the war. I still had to find out about the harbor—if I could find it and if I could get through the portals without being caught.

It was snowing hard when my train pulled in. That might account for the funereal deserted appearance of the streets. But I doubted it. More probably it was a repetition of Dirschau: the Polish population had been deported. Yet, with all the talk about deportations, I had not yet encountered any refugees, and that also needed investigating. So I headed into the first café for some breakfast and to ask guarded questions.

My waiter was a youngster, perhaps eighteen years old.

"*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*" I asked.

"*Ja! Ja!*" He almost cringed. "Of course I speak German." But he did not look German.

"See here," I said. "I am an American reporter. If you are a Pole and want the world to know what is happening, talk to me."

The only thing I could pry out of him was that the Poles were being "sent away" to a place called "Congress Poland." He was not sure where it was. I had never heard of it. Perhaps it was the new buffer state—if there was a new one; nobody was sure about that, either.

The boy did not know whether he himself would be deported. "You see," he said, "I was born here."

"What has that got to do with it?" I demanded—and never got an answer. At that second the door opened and a German walked in.

He turned out to be a fellow passenger on my train and the third mate of a German ship now in the harbor. He invited me to lunch aboard his ship, and I wondered, Why all this sudden hospitality? But, if genuine, the invitation was a golden opportunity to visit the harbor. If not—well, it was one more chance, and I would have to take it.

Mr. Collings himself took this photo that shows him in forbidden Gdynia's dockyard section, in a hat and a coat "selected to conform to those worn by German business men" thereabouts.

I saw the harbor—and discovered my new friend's ulterior motive. So far as I could see in the snow, the harbor installation, a vast expanse of docks, warehouses, and railroad yards, was undamaged. And my new friend wanted to sell me a pistol, a really beautiful little weapon, at a temptingly cheap price.

But why was he tempting me? Was this a frame-up? Did they want to plant a weapon in my pocket and make sure of convicting me as a spy?

Looking back, I doubt all of that; but I still can't be positive. All I know is that I refused and got off that ship in a hurry.

When I returned to the railroad station late that afternoon, I saw my first *Auswanderers* — the German name for the deportees. The train platform was alive with them. And the fact that a man has seen refugees all over the world does not lessen the shock when he sees more. They all look the same: pathetic beaten men, blank-faced women, cowering ten-year-olds, and wide-eyed tots to whom the bundles and bales and frantic packing are merely life's first great adventure.

But the puzzling thing about these particular refugees was where they had been keeping themselves. Until that moment I had seen none at all. Now I saw hundreds. Where they came from so suddenly was one more Nazi mystery, one more entry for my little black book, the book I had tried to do without, only to discover that I couldn't carry everything in my head. It was only three inches long, but it bulked in my pocket like a ton of brick or, more exactly, like a coil of hangman's rope.

But here came the Danzig train.

It was a local with third-class compartments only. I scrambled into one and found it already occupied by half a dozen German naval officers.

Behind me came a Polish refugee woman and her mite of a daughter. One of their big bundles got caught in the door; the other was still on the platform; the train was whistling. I wanted to help them, looked at the naval officers, wondered if my act of kindness would prove my undoing. And in the instant I hesitated—

A three-striped commander and a full lieutenant in the German navy piled off and wrestled the baggage aboard. When they finished they were perspiring—and I was a very puzzled reporter. And no, my presence had nothing to do with their actions. Until I struck up a conversation, they did not suspect my nationality.

Some ten minutes later I dared to mention the incident: "Allow me to congratulate you. I hardly expected to see German naval officers helping a Polish refugee with her bundles."

"The German navy," replied the commander austerely, "does not make war on women and children."

THEN he must have sensed what was in my mind: that all this was contradictory — that Germans were callously throwing these people out of their homes, while other Germans were sorry enough to ease the process but not sorry enough to stop it.

"It's kismet," shrugged the commander. "It's their fate. After the Treaty of Versailles, the Poles were lucky: they took this country from us. Now they are unlucky. I wish them the best—in their own country."

Yes, I know. A man could argue forever about the rightful owners of this country. But I wasn't getting into that. All I wanted from him was the German naval viewpoint, and now I had it.

The train arrived in Danzig with a lot of things still undone. I was still seeking detailed information about Polish refugees. I wanted to know where they were being sent, what possessions they had been compelled to leave behind, whether they had elected their destination or it had been thrust upon them.

But all that could come later, or so I thought. I was sure they were going farther south—and thus far I was right. That meant they must change trains in Danzig. And they would not go sight-seeing, nor would the Nazis let them. So there should be ample opportunity to talk to them in the Danzig station.

Only there wasn't. The first difficulty was that I had to pretend lack of interest while saying good-by to the naval officers. Then I inquired for my lost handbags, and found them. By that time—perhaps fifteen minutes—*not a refugee was in sight!*

I am positive of that. I searched the platforms, the first-, second-, and third-class waiting rooms, and inspected the baggage room.

There wasn't a box. Not a bale. The earth had opened and swallowed two hundred people; and I began to suspect the reason. A little thing like refugees was not going to be allowed to arouse the emotions of the good Danzig burghers—and one American reporter walked out of the station wondering about Nazi efficiency again.

Then something took my mind off it. It was the sound of singing—familiar singing—and I could hardly believe my ears. Down the street came a marching company of Goering's air-force troops. And the song they roared as they marched was a German-worded version of—

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile"!

Yes, the most popular British marching song of the last war has survived to become the most popular German song of this war.

When I got back to my hotel the door of my room was unlocked—mute evidence that my self-appointed guardian had beaten an embarrassed retreat without stopping at the desk—and three frantic messages awaited me.

Herr X had phoned. Herr X had called in person. Herr X had even phoned the American consul, who had relayed the message to me. Well, I guessed I'd better get in touch with Herr X. But what could I tell him?

"Where did *you* disappear to?" he demanded.

In desperation, I recalled that, despite the state prostitutes in the Berlin Taverne, the Nazis pride themselves that streetwalkers have been eliminated.

"Ha!" I chortled. "I found myself a girl friend, a beautiful brunette with long eyelashes."

"You what?" he gasped. "I can't believe it's possible."

"I know," I said. "You think you have put all of them to work in the factories. But you better get on the job. You've missed at least one."

It was a blot on Danzig's honor. I am sure he was afraid I would tell it in Berlin. And I have a strong hunch that he dashed off to tell the Gestapo to search the highways and the byways for this woman.

That night I laid plans for my big attempt. My two prior expeditio into the occupied territory had pose questions which cried aloud for answers. And to get them—

I was determined to reach Warsaw!

The first thing I did by way of preparation was to write a bunch of post cards saying I was going to Königsberg and give them to the hotel porter to mail. Then I demanded them back, saying I wanted to consult with Herr X. To him I said that my problem was briefly this: sooner or later I had to go to Memel, which was beyond Königsberg and farther north. It was growing colder each day now, and would I not be wiser to go to Memel first, stopping off in Königsberg on my return journey?

Herr X agreed that I would. So I wrote another flock of cards saying I was going to Memel—and quietly started for Warsaw.

Which meant Dirschau again!

And that inquisitive passport inspector again.

Who wouldn't fall for picture post cards of Hitler again.

Well, what did that inspector fall for? Mr. Collings, of course, got past him! What "magic" name, of no use in Berlin, was to save this situation in Dirschau? Above all, what are the facts about the Bromberg blood bath, as told to Mr. Collings by both Poles and Germans? Read his answers in Liberty next week!

I JUST WATCH THE BOYS GO BY!
AND THEY CERTAINLY WHIZ BY ME FAST, BETH! HONESTLY, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I'VE HAD MORE THAN ONE DATE WITH THE SAME BOY!
JANE, THE ONLY REASON YOU GET THE BIG FREEZE IS--WELL, IT'S BECAUSE OF YOUR BREATH! WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOOD LONG TALK WITH YOUR DENTIST!
JANE TAKES THE HINT!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
LISTEN, FELLOWS! JANE'S MY GIRL, AND I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR HAVING YOU PIRATES AROUND-- SO SCRAM!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
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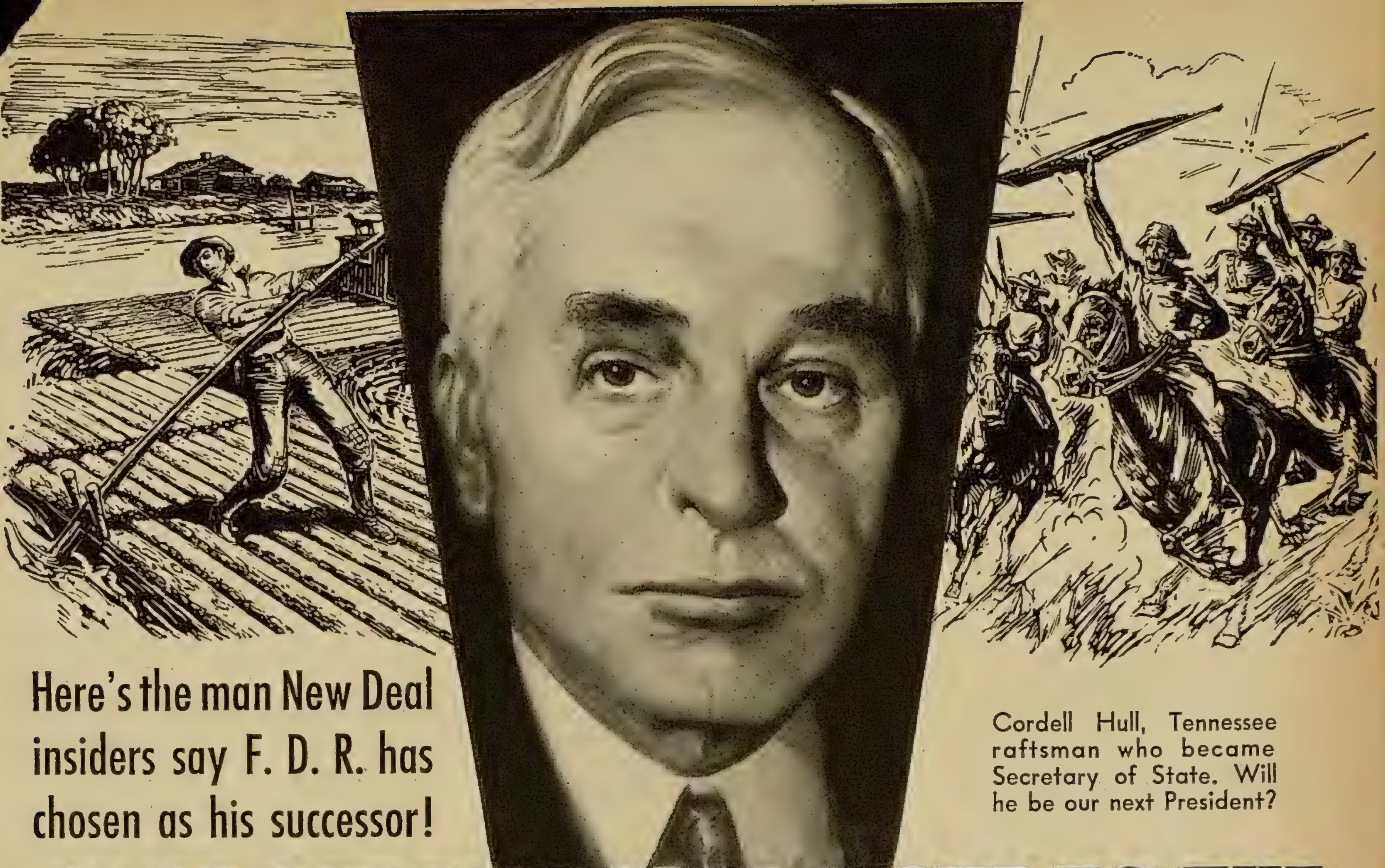

Cordell Hull, Tennessee raftsman who became Secretary of State. Will he be our next President?

Here's the man New Deal insiders say F. D. R. has chosen as his successor!

WILL CORDELL HULL MOVE TO THE WHITE HOUSE?

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WHATEVER hope the New Dealers have for the election next November of a Democratic administration with a Rooseveltian cast of complexion is based on the popularity of the present government's foreign policy.

The relations of the United States with its sister nations are just about the only performance of the Roosevelt regime not vulnerable to attack.

Not again can the Democrats appeal to the voters for a renewal of authority on the grounds of an internal emergency, because, after eight years, we still have 9,000,000 unemployed, thousands of disgruntled debt-ridden farmers, an unbalanced budget, angered business. Every New Deal Presidential possibility—Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, Secretary of Commerce Hopkins, Attorney General Jackson, for instance—stands no chance of election—if, indeed, of nomination—because each is identified with some special aspect of the administration program which makes too many good Democrats sputter and turn turkey-red in the face. And if the Democrats nominate an anti-New Dealer like Vice-President Garner, Senator Wheeler of Montana, or Senator Clark of Missouri, enough Roosevelt devotees will boycott the election to make it a cinch for the Republicans.

That is why the "wise money" has been laid on Secretary of State Cordell Hull for the past four months in the 1940 Presidential sweepstakes. Today everybody with whom President Roosevelt talks intimate politics knows Mr. Hull is his choice for the succession. Hull is not a New Dealer, yet he certainly is not an anti. He is the administrator and—more than most persons know—the originator of the foreign policy of the United States, which has the whole world's respect.

Seven years ago the President could laugh at Mr. Hull as an amiable crank who would be kept so busy with his fairy-tale hobby of reciprocal trade that Mr. Roosevelt would have no trouble being his own Secretary of State. It was only a couple of weeks after that expression of Presidential mirth that Mr. Roosevelt had occasion to utter prayers of thanks for Cordell Hull, who saved the prestige of the United States and preserved some semblance of international co-operation against worldwide economic disaster, after the President impetuously jettisoned the London Economic Conference through the instrumentality of cocky Professor Raymond Moley, then Hull's assistant. (P. S. He did not remain assistant long. Hull has won every bout with the Brain Trust.)

Only four months ago, when most of the administration believed it could be only a matter of weeks before the United States was at war with Germany and did not much care how unneutral we were in the meantime, Secretary Hull once more pulled Mr. Roosevelt's chestnuts from the fire and saved the country from violating its own neutrality. The new neutrality bill, whipped through a special session of Congress, barred American ships from the war zone. The United States Lines proposed to "transfer" its ships to the registry of the Panama Republic and continue to operate between New York and Europe under that barefaced subterfuge. Mr. Roosevelt opined he couldn't see anything very wrong with the scheme, but Mr. Hull stepped up and said no. And "no" it remained.

Just the same, Cordell Hull today is the man whom Mr. Roosevelt has chosen to be his successor, and has so informed others in his Cabinet and advisory circle. The reciprocal tariff program which Mr. Hull originated long before there was a New Deal was

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the main topic of Mr. Roosevelt's address to Congress in 1940.

Continuation of the law permitting him to swap tariff concessions with other nations, offering to reduce the American tax on a nation's exports if they will buy more of our own, is the main hurdle today between Mr. Hull and the Democratic nomination. If he can persuade Congress to reenact the Trade Agreements Act, which expires next June, although the twenty-one treaties already in force will continue indefinitely, Mr. Hull can escape the nomination only if he flatly refuses to accept it, or Mr. Roosevelt claims it for himself.

For popular appeal neither party has had a candidate more in the copy-book, Horatio Alger tradition since Abraham Lincoln, than the Democrats have in Cordell Hull.

LET us take a close-up of him. If you happened to meet him you would see a tall, lean white-haired man who greets you in a soft voice tinged with the Southern drawl. Not unless he gets excited will you detect in his speech that faint lisp of the sound of *r* that makes some doubt his effectiveness as a radio campaigner.

His deep-brown compelling eyes you will mark at once. But next to his eyes your attention is held by his hands—sinewy, long-fingered, with muscular wrists. Those hands, the muscular arms and barrel chest were developed in steering block-long log rafts down the Cumberland River from his father's timber claim near Celina, Tennessee, to Nashville. For Cordell Hull, who was born to a feudin', forest-clearing pioneer family near the Kentucky border in 1871, is the last of the frontiersmen in public life. Abraham Lincoln was a raftsman, too. There is no work in the world that depends so much upon sharp eyes and strong arms and at the same time develops a contemplative and philosophical mind.

Mr. Hull was born forty miles from a railroad, in a county which has so much remained a part of the backwoods that up to 1937 there was only one telephone in all its expanse. He went to school in a log cabin with a puncheon floor, and entered Montvale College in Celina at the age of fifteen. By the time he was seventeen he had learned all the Latin, Greek, surveying, and history that Professor Joe McMillin's two-man faculty could teach, so he went to National Normal University at Lebanon, Ohio, for a couple of years. Then followed ten months in Cumberland University's hit-and-run Law School, and at nineteen young Hull was admitted to the bar and entered politics under the tutelage of Professor McMillin's congressman brother Benton.

Benton McMillin drafted the first income-tax law, which the Supreme Court declared unconstitutional in 1895. Eighteen years after that Hull wrote the income-tax law which the Sixteenth Amendment authorized.

Elected to the Tennessee State Legislature in 1892, four weeks before he reached the voting age twenty-one, Hull plunged into the hurly-burly of Tennessee politics. Came the Spanish-American War and Cordell organized a company of Tennessee hillmen and led them as their captain to Cuba, where they shot more craps than Spaniards.

In 1903 Lawyer Hull was appointed to the Tennessee Circuit Court and three years later he ran for Congress and won. He remained as representative from the Fourth District until 1920, when Tennessee went wholeheartedly Republican in the Harding landslide. He was re-elected next time up and remained in the House of Representatives until 1931, when he went to the Senate. Two years later he was made Secretary of State by Franklin D. Roosevelt as a part of the involved maneuvering to bind the dry, Bible-totin' Democratic fundamentalists of the South to the left-wing, cocktailing Phi Beta Kappa New Dealers. The soft-spoken Mr. Hull was just the man the President needed. With charming, gracious Mrs. Hull—a Virginian who, although of racially Jewish parentage, is Christian in religion — he lives quietly and simply. He is religious and a teetotaler.

Mr. Roosevelt was going to be his own Secretary of State. Trouble was, Hull knew more than Roosevelt. His role was to beat the drums for that ancient Democrat idol Tariff Reductions. As an old-fashioned agrarian Democrat, Hull grew up in the belief that the tariff—a tax on imports—kept the prices of all manufactured goods high while preventing the farmers from selling their crop surpluses abroad.

The irony of the situation is that in 1940 it is the farmers of the Mississippi Valley who are dead set against allowing Mr. Hull to negotiate any more tariff treaties, because they fear the competition of South American meat and grain and vegetable fats. It is the industrialists, looking to South America as an outlet for automobiles, machinery, and steel, who are backing up Mr. Hull.

MR. HULL can cite figures. In 1933 we sold $1,440,333,000 worth of American goods abroad and imported $1,167,876,000 worth. In 1939, after five years of reciprocity, we sold $2,919,079,000 worth of American goods overseas and bought only $1,760,000,000 worth. Our sales doubled, while our purchases increased less than a third.

Perhaps not so oddly, Mr. Hull's conspicuous 1940 failure is a promise of his ultimate success. A trade treaty with the Argentine Republic fell through. The word was given out from Washington that the Argentinian treaty flopped because Mr. Hull would not allow South American beef and grain to enter the United States at prices competitive with what our own producers were getting. With that evidence, if taken at face value, the American agriculturists may lose some of their fears that the trade ties mean their impoverishment, nd the opposition in Congress will e weakened sufficiently to permit passage of the continuing act upon which Cordell Hull's nomination apparently depends.

If he is nominated, the Republicans will have to face what they expected least, a united Democratic Party in which the New Deal is more like the paint job on an automobile than its engine. But the Democrats will have a candidate who is no whirlwind campaigner, no Roosevelt, no Al Smith, but one who is slow-spoken and cautious, whose reputation rests upon one accomplishment, a masterful management of a complicated foreign policy.

Mr. Hull has not expressed opinions on any aspects of the Roosevelt program other than those which affect his own department, although what he said privately about the New Deal amiability toward sit-down strikes couldn't be printed on asbestos. Toward the New Deal school of economics his thoughts reputedly parallel Mr. Garner's. As a candidate chosen by Mr. Roosevelt, he won't be able to campaign and keep mum on the issues which the Republicans will hurl at him while aiming at the party he leads.

Also, Mr. Hull is past middle age. If he is elected, he will be seventy-three years old when he faces the inevitable need to seek a second term. He can anticipate a whispering campaign—especially if his running mate is a radical New Dealer—that he will not be able to survive the punishment of four years in the White House.

At the moment Mr. Hull shows no interest in anything that may happen in 1940 except violation of American neutrality and impairment of the horse-trading reciprocal tariff program. His closest friends and warmest admirers are Chief Justice Hughes, who was Secretary of State in the Harding and Coolidge Cabinets, and Henry L. Stimson, Hoover's Secretary of State. That bothers the Republicans. It also bothers a lot of F. D. R. Democrats.

It is no news to the schemers in both political parties that Cordell Hull is a lot nearer the White House than anybody who hopes to succeed that mansion's present tenant.

There is this to be also borne in mind:

Hull is an ideal candidate with whom to be defeated.

The New Dealers are not cocksure for 1940. To go down behind the noble, dignified leadership of Cordell Hull would be no repudiation of the New Deal, you see. It would solve a lot of 1944 problems, too, if only to make a third-term comeback for President Roosevelt in that year more likely. A defeat under Hull would quiet the South's insistence that it deserves a Presidential nominee for its eighty years of faithfulness to the party.

Hull, win or lose, seems to be today's best bet.

THE END

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

The Twins: Bless Us All! Aunt Ollie's Got a Date!

The Twins: Why Auntie! You're a regular vampire!
Auntie: No such nonsense! Vamping's old stuff. Mr. Green says it's my *pep appeal.*

The Twins: We know! *You've been getting all your vitamins!*
Auntie: For once you are right. And what a change it's made in me! I *needed* 'em! What's more, plenty of vitamins wouldn't do you two any harm at all. "Vitamins for pep!"—and that reminds me. Let's go raid the pantry.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN ENRICHED

Auntie: And right in this delicious cereal—appropriately called KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.
A Twin: Auntie! You've been holding out on us! This is the crispest, best-tasting cereal I ever ate. Boy! Are we going to have KELLOGG'S PEP every morning!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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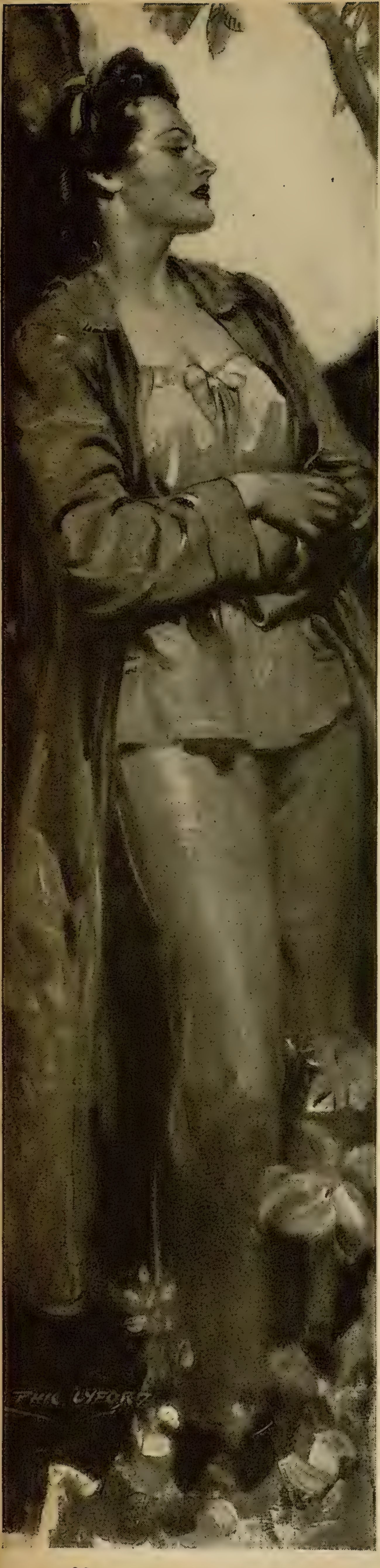


BET Your Life

A strange, tense tale of a woman accused, a man in love

BY FREDERICK NEBEL

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

EVERY once in a while some one came in the bar and mentioned it. Not everybody, but one out of three anyhow. There had been a lot about it on the nine-o'clock broadcast, and it wasn't ten yet, so naturally a lot of people were still discussing it. But it was the little fat man who really kept the ball rolling.

"She's guilty," he said, "or my name is Mud."

He was going to keep on saying things like that and after a while I was going to do something about it.

Between mixing drinks the barman would pinch his glasses onto his nose and read a little more about it. When somebody asked him what he thought, his reply was always the same. "Well," he said, "not knowing the ins and outs of it, it's hard to say. There's two sides to every story, and just by reading about it, or hearing about it on the radio, you can't fairly judge." He said it exactly the same every time.

The fat man laughed lightly. His arms were short and his hands plump, with pointed fingertips, and he wore a fussy bow tie under his soft white jowls. Whenever he said anything he tipped his head back and looked down his pointed nose.

"Well," the barman said, "the jury ought to bring in a verdict tomorrow. Anyhow, in the end I figure justice will prevail." He was a slow-spoken big man, with deep creases up and down his rusty cheeks.

The fat man looked pained. "Justice!" he said, leering around the bar. "My dear man, you are naïve!"

I don't know why I hung around listening to him, unless maybe I enjoyed hating him.

He spread his hands, the soft white palms upward. "The husband comes home, finds his wife entertaining his best friend. The husband is shot. Suicide, claim the wife and the friend. Jealous husband commits suicide. Drunk. Commits suicide." He smiled pityingly. "There is nothing new about that, gentlemen."

I said, "Barman, another beer."

"Yes, sir."

"A pretty girl, a pretty leg, a soft injured expression, the voice kept judiciously muffled to a sensuous whisper." You could tell the fat man liked the sound of his voice. "Justice becomes a mockery. Gentlemen," he said, raising his beer, "whatever verdict the jury may bring in, *I* say she is guilty."

All right, bright pants, I thought; all right, you asked for it. "Look," I said. "Just what do you know about justice?"

He turned and stared at me as though he hadn't seen me before. "What do I know about justice, friend?"

"That's right," I said. "Define it. What is it?"

"Why, my friend, justice is equitableness. It is the quality of being just. It is rectitude. It is merited reward or punishment. I believe you will find it thus defined in any standard dictionary."

"It sounds bookish, all right," I said. "Then there's another one, about the rendering to every one his due. Right?"

"Perfectly."

"Right."

The barman tried to stop me, but he wasn't quick enough. I let the fat man have my beer smack in his face, and somebody sitting at one of the tables laughed right out. I was shaking and I couldn't say anything, and I kept the empty glass in my hand ready to let him have it over his fat head if he came back at me.

The barman came around the bar and stood in front of me. He took the glass out of my hand and banged it down on the bar. He got hold of my arms above the elbows. He was strong and he wasn't pleased.

"You can't do that in here, mister," he said.

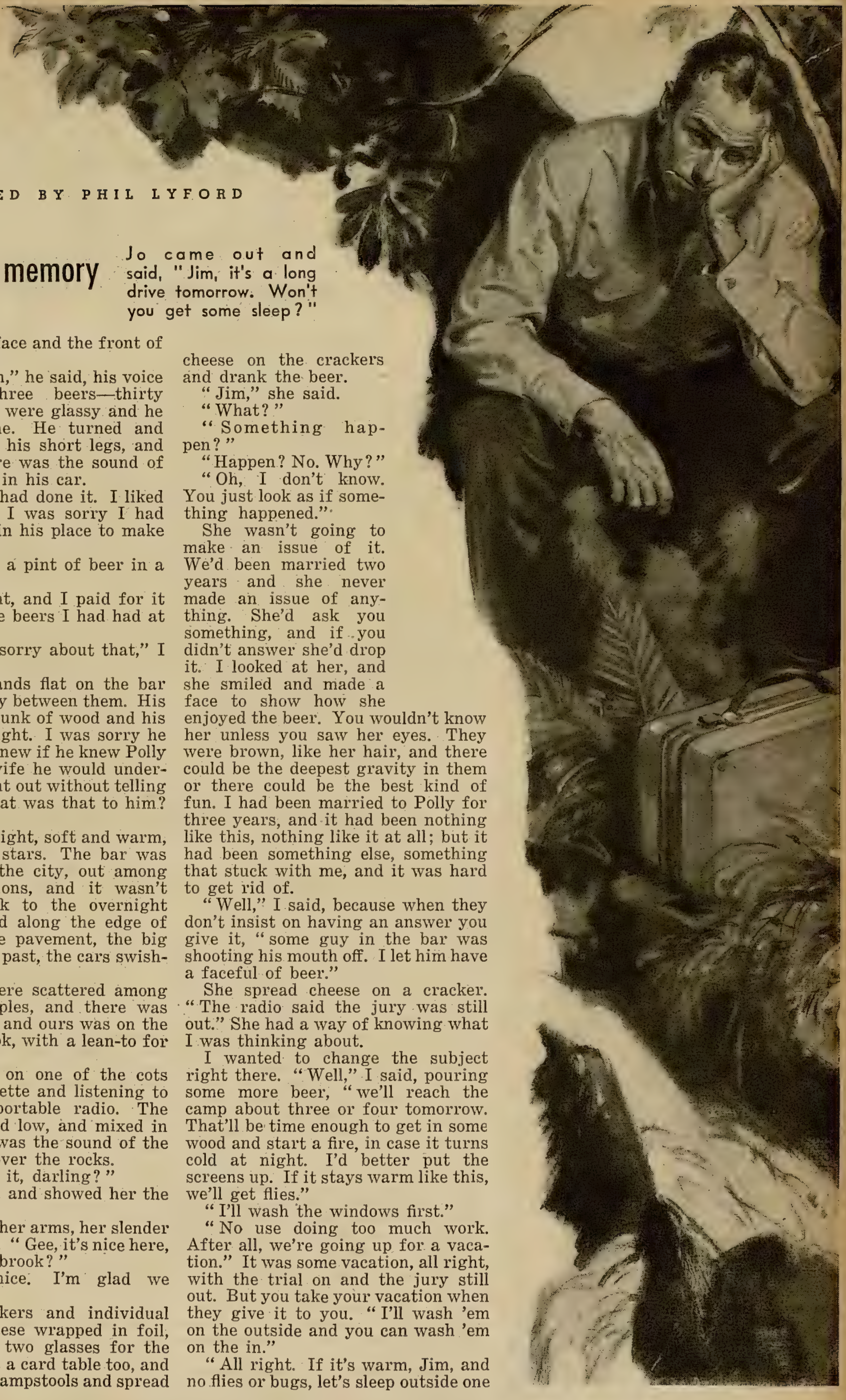
"Can't I?"

"Don't get tough with me, mister."

The funny thing about it was that the fat man didn't say anything. First off, he couldn't because a lot of the beer had hit him right in the mouth. Then, when people laughed, he looked embarrassed. His face turned red and his thick lips kind of blubbered. But he didn't say anything; he didn't say a word. He was

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

cret, sinister memory



Jo came out and said, "Jim, it's a long drive tomorrow. Won't you get some sleep?"

busy wiping his face and the front of his coat.

"Here, barman," he said, his voice half lost. "Three beers—thirty cents." His eyes were glassy and he looked at no one. He turned and drummed out on his short legs, and in a minute there was the sound of him gunning off in his car.

I was sorry I had done it. I liked the barman and I was sorry I had done something in his place to make him sore.

"Will you put a pint of beer in a carton?" I said.

He drew a pint, and I paid for it and for the three beers I had had at the bar.

"I'm awfully sorry about that," I said.

He put his hands flat on the bar and stared stonily between them. His face was like a hunk of wood and his lips were shut tight. I was sorry he was sore, and I knew if he knew Polly used to be my wife he would understand. But I went out without telling him, because what was that to him?

IT was a swell night, soft and warm, with a lot of stars. The bar was at the edge of the city, out among the filling stations, and it wasn't much of a walk to the overnight cabins. I walked along the edge of the road, off the pavement, the big trucks rumbling past, the cars swishing.

The cabins were scattered among birches and maples, and there was a brook in back, and ours was on the bank of the brook, with a lean-to for the car.

Jo was lying on one of the cots smoking a cigarette and listening to music on the portable radio. The radio was turned low, and mixed in with the music was the sound of the brook running over the rocks.

"Did you get it, darling?"

"Yes," I said, and showed her the carton.

She stretched her arms, her slender body, and got up. "Gee, it's nice here, Jim. Hear the brook?"

"It's sure nice. I'm glad we stopped."

We had crackers and individual triangles of cheese wrapped in foil, and there were two glasses for the beer. There was a card table too, and we sat down on campstools and spread cheese on the crackers and drank the beer.

"Jim," she said.

"What?"

"Something happen?"

"Happen? No. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. You just look as if something happened."

She wasn't going to make an issue of it. We'd been married two years and she never made an issue of anything. She'd ask you something, and if you didn't answer she'd drop it. I looked at her, and she smiled and made a face to show how she enjoyed the beer. You wouldn't know her unless you saw her eyes. They were brown, like her hair, and there could be the deepest gravity in them or there could be the best kind of fun. I had been married to Polly for three years, and it had been nothing like this, nothing like it at all; but it had been something else, something that stuck with me, and it was hard to get rid of.

"Well," I said, because when they don't insist on having an answer you give it, "some guy in the bar was shooting his mouth off. I let him have a faceful of beer."

She spread cheese on a cracker. "The radio said the jury was still out." She had a way of knowing what I was thinking about.

I wanted to change the subject right there. "Well," I said, pouring some more beer, "we'll reach the camp about three or four tomorrow. That'll be time enough to get in some wood and start a fire, in case it turns cold at night. I'd better put the screens up. If it stays warm like this, we'll get flies."

"I'll wash the windows first."

"No use doing too much work. After all, we're going up for a vacation." It was some vacation, all right, with the trial on and the jury still out. But you take your vacation when they give it to you. "I'll wash 'em on the outside and you can wash 'em on the in."

"All right. If it's warm, Jim, and no flies or bugs, let's sleep outside one night. On the pine needles. Under the stars."

"All right."

She folded her arms across her breasts and squeezed. "It'll be lovely." She could say a thing like that and it went over you like soft warm water.

She undressed and got in bed, sitting up and shaking out her thick brown hair, combing it many times, first to the left, then to the right. I watched her, and now and then she smiled at me and I smiled back, and when she was finished combing she tied a ribbon around her hair, under the back of it at the nape, the knot of the ribbon up on top. Then she lay back. She held her arms up, saying nothing, smiling at me.

AND I went and sat on the side of the cot and kissed her, and she held my head in her hands. When I finished kissing her she gave me a quick little kiss on the cheek and said, "When you go to bed, dearest, don't forget to turn off the radio. Good night."

I'd gone to sleep the last two nights with the radio turned on, listening for any flash news about the trial. Ernie Pendleton had been a big shot: young, lots of dough, polo, Palm Beach, Aiken, Long Island—things like that. So the trial was news.

"Suppose we get up at seven," I said.

"All right. Set the alarm, will you?"

I turned out the lights and in a little while she was asleep. The sound of the brook in the darkness was pleasant and refreshing, and I carried the portable radio out, put it on a rock above the water, and sat down on another rock beside it. I'd wait till eleven for another news broadcast and then turn in.

It was pretty bad because it was either first-degree or acquittal, and you don't forget about a woman you once lived three years with. Divorce doesn't make a clean cut, ever. There's always something left over; you pick up particles of her and they don't go away easily. The thing was, I should never have married her. Not because I didn't love her: I did. But it was my last year in college and I was the big-shot quarterback and she was romantic and so was I, and that was the way it was. Only, she'd been brought up on a lot of money and Europe and the places people with a lot of money go to. I was just a guy on a scholarship and my people were country folks, storekeepers. It was money, really—the lack of money. And she had a temper, a terrible temper—and I have one too. We both said nasty things sometimes, and it got worse and worse. And then she wanted a divorce. I knew then it was Ernie Pendleton, and sure enough, a month after the divorce they were married.

Understand, I didn't want all that all over again. That was through, washed up. I loved Jo and nobody else, nobody else at all. But Polly was in a jam—a bad one—and what I remembered was not the last year of our marriage but the first, and the first was something. It's like when you go on a vacation: it rains some days, and some days the sun shines, and afterward you remember the times the sun shone.

I sat there in the darkness on the rock above the water a long time. There was nothing new on the eleven-o'clock broadcast, but I still sat there, and in a little while Jo came out in her bathrobe and said, "Jim, it's a long drive tomorrow. Won't you get some sleep?"

I picked up the radio and got up all in one motion. "I was just coming in."

She linked her arm in mine and rubbed her cheek against my shoulder. "It'll be all right tomorrow, Jim. Everything will be all right tomorrow. I know it will."

"Did the radio wake you up? I tried to keep it low."

"I wasn't asleep, really."

She got back in bed, and I turned out the light and undressed and got in bed too. Then I remembered I hadn't set the alarm clock and said, "Damn it."

"What?"

"The alarm clock. I forgot—"

"I set it, Jim. For seven, wasn't it?"

WE got away at seven thirty, and when the city was behind us there were woods and fields, and in the fields long layers of mist still hung, and it looked as if it was going to be a nice day. At eight I turned on the car radio, and the jury was still out, and Jo said, "That means acquittal. When they're out that long, that means acquittal."

"I don't remember—"

"I remember any number of cases," Jo said. "When they're out that long, it means acquittal. Any number of cases."

"I'd hate to be in her shoes, though."

Jo looked straight ahead up the straight road. "Yes, I would too."

"She was never strong, really. That is, she was always tense. Everything she did or said, she gave everything to it; always this tension and excitement. She was built that way; she couldn't help it. She gave off sparks all the time. She couldn't go to sleep until all hours in the morning. She'd dance for hours and be a wreck next day. She couldn't stop it. By now, with this trial, the jury out so long, she must be a nervous wreck. She never deliberated. She'd do a thing, say a thing, right off the bat—quick, like that."

Jo said, "From all I've read about Pendleton, he must have been something like that too. All nerves and no body. Too much money and too little responsibility. He must have led her a terrible life. Men like that frequently kill themselves and wreck other lives, too, in the process."

"Do you think he killed himself?"

"Absolutely. He's exactly the type. His big gestures have been in papers for several years. He ju ended up with the biggest gesture o all."

She slid up close to me and slipped her arm under mine and held it lightly, so it wouldn't interfere with my driving. The mists disappeared from the fields and the sun was warm and bright. The air was very clear and fresh off the hills we were going into. The hills rose one after another, and in the valley was the river, full and swift from the spring rains.

"Last fall, you remember," Jo said, "there was nothing but rocks—big boulders."

"After the drought, yes."

"Oh, Jim, I'm so glad we bought the camp!"

"It could be nearer; but nearer they ask impossible prices."

"No; I like it where it is. It's far enough away so that when we go there we feel we're really away. If it was nearer, we'd be having more friends up all the time, and that would mean we'd want to furnish it better."

"I never thought of that."

"And we can be alone. Oh, Jim, I love being away alone with you."

"I love being away alone with you too, Jo."

"All inside me and outside me and all around me, I love you."

"Yes, Jo, it's like that."

She rubbed her nose against my arm, making a funny little sound.

"Hey," I said, "in a minute we'll be in a ditch."

"In a ditch I'd love you too, Jim."

We made good time and reached the camp a little before three; and though it wasn't much—board-and-batten, three rooms—we owned it and we owned two hundred feet on the lake.

We carried the stuff in from the car, and then I carried some logs in and got a fire going in the fireplace. It was pretty damp, so we lit an oil heater in the bedroom and also the oil cookstove in the kitchen. I started the gasoline pump in the pump house and pumped a tankful of water.

"How about ice, Jim?"

"I'll go down and get some."

I GUESS I did a lot of running around and made a lot of noise, because when you make noise you think you are very busy and have no time to think. It works a little but it doesn't work all the way.

Anyhow, by night I'd know. By night, surely, it would be over, and whatever it was, I'd know. If it was guilty, it was guilty; and what I'd do about that I didn't know, though I tried to be very careful thinking about it. It would be like trying to hold a door shut against a terrible wind; because Jo was my life really, something I could put my hands on and feel and know it was there, while the other was a ghost I tried to thrust away but couldn't because I couldn't get my hands on it.

The iceman cut me a cake of ice and I put it in the sack and swung it e trunk of the car. Driving back, hought about the fat man in the ar, and hated him all over again; and I hated everybody, all the people I didn't know, who said she was guilty. I hated the jury for staying out so long. Didn't they know what she was like? Didn't they know how she'd been brought up? Pampered and spoiled by rich parents, rich uncles and aunts; given to believe that she was one of the chosen people. Beautiful and headstrong and scatterbrained. All nerves. Tender one minute and a wildcat the next. Generous one minute and selfish the next. Proud and imperious. Didn't they know all that?

I swung the sack of ice out of the trunk, carried it up to the back porch and dumped it in the ice chest. When I went inside, Jo was standing by the radio. She had her hand on it, but it was silent. Her face was very white and I could see her throat quivering.

"It's—it's all right," she said, nodding. "It's all right, Jim."

"It's all right?"

"Yes, yes; it's all right. It was just on the radio."

I sat down beside the radio and looked at it.

"I didn't hear it," I said.

"Just a minute ago. Acquitted."

"I missed it, I guess."

SHE was so quick, so warm, with her arms suddenly around me where I sat, her arms around my head. My ear was against her breast and I could hear the beating of her heart.

"It's all right, then," I said.

"Yes, yes, darling. I'm so glad. Oh, darling, I'm so glad!"

"I got the ice," I said.

"Yes, you got the ice."

I stood up, and it was like coming up after a long deep dive in dark cold water. She wasn't crying, but her eyes were wet.

"Jo, you're taking this harder than I am."

"It's because you were taking it so hard, Jim."

"I don't love her any more, Jo, you know."

"If you did, I'd probably hate her—if you loved her the way you love me."

"It was just—"

"Darling, I know, I know. And I know why you were taking it so hard."

"Why, Jo?"

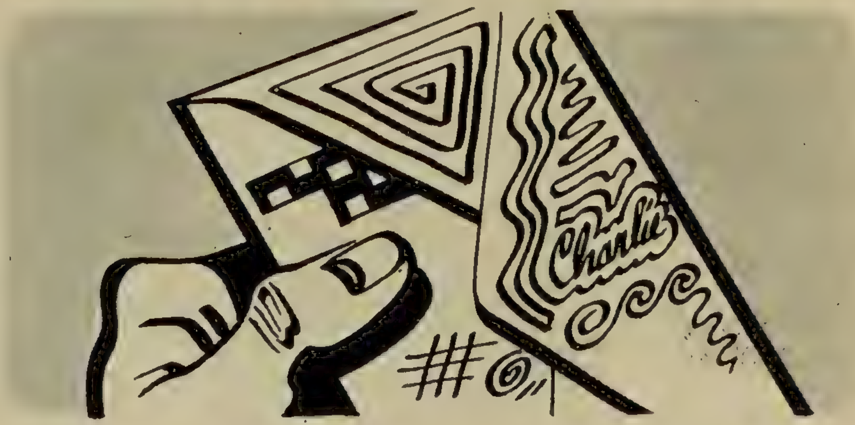
"Because you were sure she'd killed him. Will you make us a couple of cocktails—good strong ones?"

So she knew that, too; yes, she knew that. But I'd never told her. I'd never told her about the night Polly came in tight with Pendleton, and I was mad and said if she was going to be my wife, all right, and if she was going to be a tramp, all right too—but not as my wife. She went white with rage, ran upstairs, and came right down again with a revolver.

She fired—and missed.

THE END

DOODLES vs. DOLLARS



These are the "doodles" of William J. Quick,
Made in a lobby—while waiting.
Since Bill is a salesman, with quotas to lick
Just sitting there won't help his rating.

"He's still Busy"

Bill came in early—cocksure of a sale.
He'd figured his price and his plan:
Everything set, but one little detail—
He couldn't get in to his man!

"O.K. See you at 10"

So Bill got to thinking and figured a way
To have this time-wasting corrected.
He's proved that a call by Long Distance will pay—
Because he is always expected!

DOODLES don't sell merchandise. Waiting time is wasted time.

Remember Bill Quick when you start your next trip. Telephone ahead as you travel and arrange definite appointments.

You'll be sure of seeing the right man at the right time. You'll make more calls—and probably make more sales. Why not try it and see?

HOLLYWOOD MEN

A shining film star takes her life in her hands and reveals them as she finds them!

by Bette Davis

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

DECORATION BY JAY McARDLE

THE Hollywood man, as a species, is just exactly like any man anywhere—basically. He has two arms, two feet, teeth, and, except in rare instances, his share of secondary male characteristics.

It is probably even true that if he had never entered the motion-picture business he would want the same things from life, live in the same manner and fulfill the same social and biological destiny as any superior Joe Doakes. Instead, the Hollywood man is a special phenomenon, not to be regarded lightly, since he is so vastly important to millions of women, but to be handled, please, with doeskin gloves.

I should explain at this point that I except from this classification and from this discussion certain well known men who are genuine actors and purely authentic personalities, whom Hollywood has not touched. Spencer Tracy. Charles Boyer. Paul Muni. Men like that.

Also I had better add that I like men as a genus, and, further, I like the Hollywood man as a species. Yet there's no denying the latter is puzzling until you analyze him. To begin. . . .

His natural ego balloon, masculine and therefore outsized from birth, goes on inflating in direct proportion to the amount of box office he commands. This is an unnatural condition. He believes he can have any woman he wants.

Which, on the whole, is true. He can. He can look about him in any town or village and immediately see dozens of girls who would give eyeteeth by the bushel for a date with him. He knows he is superior in appearance, grace, voice, and manner to other men; that is his business.

None of this makes it any easier for the Hollywood woman in coping with the Hollywood man. He is but one among her many trials, of course, but naturally he is the most important of them. In her association with the man of her schemes, the Hollywood girl must cast aside most of her instinctive, and all of her routine-acquired, wiles and develop a new pattern of conduct to fit the H. M.'s peculiar personality.

First, she must remember that in all probability this man is afraid of her. As a matter of fact, he is mortally afraid of all women—and with good reason.

I expect that if you added up all the money forced out of the gentlemen in this town as blackmail for some indiscretion less noteworthy or vicious than the romantic derelictions of any corner drugstore cowboy, the total would represent a staggering sum. Actors, as well as actresses, are on the spot in the matter of their reputations. It may or may not be true that audiences would boycott any star who gets himself mixed up in a scandal, but the studio heads believe it is true, and that's what counts.

A Hollywood man knows he can with impunity (1) meet a reputable girl whose appearance and conduct will not disgrace him publicly (preferably, she should be some one of prominence for the publicity value); and (2) he can marry her. If he tires of her he can get a divorce, or ask her to get one, but it will probably cost him a large settlement. At least the payment of this money will not affect his social or box-office standing.

Anything else, even in some cases a simple, impulsive flirtation, is as dangerous as a canoe trip on the Rhine, unless he deals with a well known and respectable girl. This is one of the reasons most top male stars carry on their romances with women who are equally successful in pictures. Thus a man can be sure of the girl's integrity, and even if he isn't, he has the comfort of knowing she can't afford bad publicity any more than he can.

You understand this profoundly affects an actor's viewpoint on romance. His field of choice is necessarily limited, unless he breaks into the "deb" field, which many have done. Pasadena is a great source here; it's full of pretty girls with nice backgrounds and normal American morals, and, so far as Hollywood is concerned, any girl who owns an evening dress and knows who her father is can be labeled in the press as a debutante.

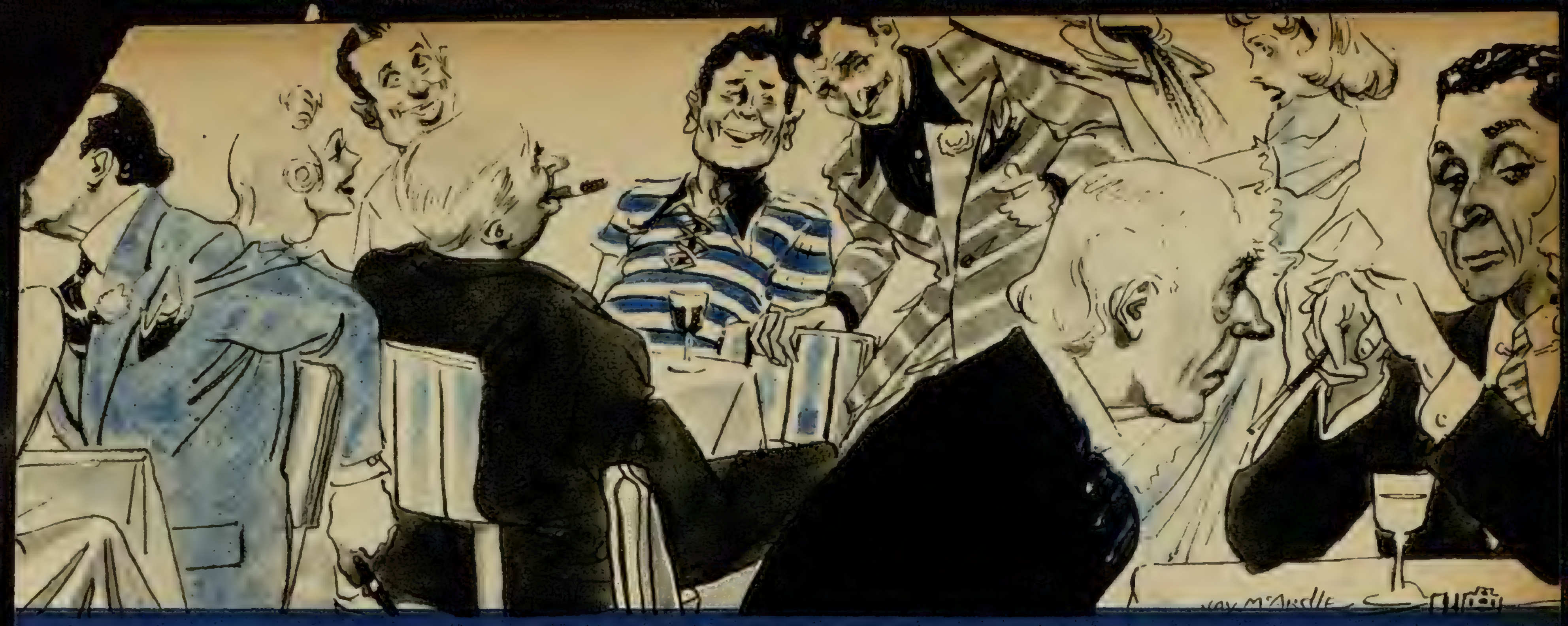
But just any ordinary young woman without benefit of a famous Luxury Town's reputation is taboo. Besides, she is probably a fan—and I may tell you that the fan problem of the Hollywood man is far, far worse than that of the Hollywood woman. I can testify that boys who wait around a theater entrance or hotel door for an autograph possess acceptable manners and a good deal of respect—even if they feel a great and tragic passion for the actress.

On the other hand, women . . . Well, you read about some of the things they did to that famous singing star recently married, and to that notably handsome personality boy in New York, on his way to England. Such occurrences would be enough to sour most men on females for the rest of their lives.

The Hollywood man, of course, is in danger of losing his masculinity—through the effects of his supercivilization — faster than average city men, and faster still than rural men. A successful actor must depend for his sense of personal achievement on the knowledge of his good looks, his skill in acting, and his proficiency at such polite sports as he has time to master. The dangers he faces and overcomes are mental rather than physical; and he exists in such luxury as few pampered cats or playboys know.

He hasn't even the satisfaction of doing little ordinary things for himself. He has servants to fix the furnace, mow the lawn, drive his car, hang up his clothes, and sometimes even to hand over and light his cigarettes on the set. I suppose all this is justified, since the Hollywood man works hard all day, six days a week, and goes to Palm Springs on Sunday. But the result is the same.

Further, he is inordinately finicky



about his appearance, the state of his hair, the condition of his manicure, the gloss of his shoes, and the set of his tie. I know one man who lives on the coast at Santa Monica and spends every free moment in the surf or the fresh-water pool. He looks like a prizefighter and swims like a Weissmuller, but each time he emerges from the water he makes a beeline for a convenient mirror, combs his hair carefully, setting each wave in place, and then puts on a sailor hat to keep the contours in and the bleaching sun off. He has to do this because otherwise he'd look a *fright* for the cameras next day; still, it makes him feel silly and cuts down his enjoyment, because he can't relax. Such fastidiousness is demanded of him in public and he gets in the habit of it in private. It's hardly a cause for complaint. But there is a difference between a gentleman's clean-cut grooming and ham under glass.

Then a kind of sophistication which is purely local to Hollywood is forced on the men of the town. The fellow under discussion finds such respected American creeds and qualities as simple loyalty, ethics, truthtelling, and God generally classified as " corny " by supercynics fighting for dear life in an every-man-for-his-own-option business. His everyday, normal emotions are demanded of him day after day, when they must be created artificially about an imaginary crisis; if he has any left offstage, he can't recognize them as his own. Or if he does, he hoards them until they atrophy.

An actor told me the other day he had met a girl and spent an evening with her, in the course of which he decided he might be in love with her. So he had proceeded on that premise, only to discover suddenly that for the last two hours he had been reading from the script of a movie he had made four years ago; in it he had played a man intensely in love with a woman—and this girl this evening was the dead spit of the woman in the picture. At which point the gentleman's excitement faded with his embarrassed laughter. It's a tough thing not to know whether passion is real or just subconscious retention.

It is worse for the woman at the receiving end.

In addition to everything else, the Hollywood man, after a couple of years in the industry, learns to want too much from every one and everything. The average man wants a promotion, another child, a better house, a new car, a new suit; he wants his wife to lose five pounds, his golf game to improve, his mother-in-law to move, his cold to go away. The Hollywood man wants a new tailor for his next biyearly wardrobe, another station wagon, $5,000 a week instead of $3,500, an amphibian, and a new scale-model lounge car for his miniature railroad; he wants his wife to sue him for mental cruelty instead of adultery, and he wants two weeks so he can Clipper over to Honolulu.

The Hollywood man expects his girl to be beautiful and always sleek. Then he complains that this bores him, that she is a magazine cover instead of a human being. But if she doesn't have more chic than any other girl at the Trocadero he quickly finds some one who has.

After all, he has his reputation for taste in women to consider.

He wants her to be a paragon in the home, sweet and gentle and interested only in him. He wants her to make a career of marriage. Yet he insists on marrying a career girl.

And he expects her to understand him at all times. It's hard enough to understand any man, much less an actor. The Hollywood male changes his mood and his act to match circumstances. For instance: A friend of mine is a young featured player who has a future in pictures if he plays his cards correctly and has the breaks. In his home he is relaxed and charming, unaffected and honest. But at a dinner or party attended by important producers he develops an entirely different attitude, obviously intended to impress the producers; again, at a night club or a première he is to perfection the important young personage, handing out largesse in the form of autographs or smiles with gracious modesty.

Hollywood men are never just men; they are an imitation of a pattern, a mold, known as the " Unspoiled Overnighter," or the " Women's Delight Who Really Has Hair on His Chest," or the " Idol of Millions Who Is Just as *Natural*," etc. There is always something to be proved, particularly when any one is looking. The comedians are at once the most amusing and the most miserable, because they have to prove they are funny.

This is the Hollywood comedian's routine: He approaches your table, sits, chats a moment, and then breaks into a story, usually in dialect. It is extremely funny, and every one roars, while the storyteller keeps a dead pan. After three stories, each consciously better than the one before, he tells the topper he has saved for his exit. His timing is perfect, his accent unimpeachable. At the tag, he rushes the line to its conclusion and, just before the final word, begins swooping out of his chair. As the first wave of laughter breaks he is three steps away on his way to another table.

This is very effective, if not marred by the fact that he blurred the tag in his hurry and must return to repeat it; or if he does not, in his blind swoop of escape, crash into a waiter laden with trays. I have seen this happen many times, and have noticed the experienced comedian take a quick glance over his shoulder as he nears the end of his yarn.

It is important to remember that a comedian's wife or girl friend has heard these stories too many times, and is not amused.

YOU may say that the Hollywood man is no different from the New York playboy or the men about town in any big metropolis. I disagree. The Hollywood man is a better man because essentially he is all right, and if he can just keep his head he'll snap out of the fog when he leaves the picture industry. He is an oak turned into a potted oleander and wanting desperately to turn back again.

Meanwhile he can continue to make a great deal of money and enliven the existence of women all over the world. It is not, in its way, a bad destiny nor a light compensation.

THE END

MONEY and the Woman

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

SECRETLY, Dave Bennett, sent from the main Los Angeles bank to study operations of the Glendale branch, and Sheila Brent, wife of the head teller, set to work to restore some nine thousand dollars embezzled by her husband Charles, who is recovering from a serious operation. Dave, who is blindly enamored of Sheila, puts up the necessary money, though she had asked her father, Dr. Rollinson, to mortgage his home for the purpose.

The two conspirators reach the last day of their carefully worked-out scheme of restitution. None of their bank associates—Helm, Snelling, Adler, Mason, Miss Church—suspect a thing. Most unexpectedly, Charles Brent himself appears, having suddenly quit his sanatorium.

Both Sheila and Dave are disconcerted, he suspicious of her role in the whole set-up; she assuring him that her husband is nothing to her any more. That night Helm pays a late visit to Dave Bennett and tells him that Brent has hidden himself in the bank vault, and that it looks as if he intended mischief. Excited by this news, Dave drives over to see Sheila, finds out that her husband has borrowed the necessary sum from her father to make up his defalcations, and *is* locked in the vault.

More suspicious than ever of her, Dave decides that she is in cahoots with Brent and makes immediate arrangements with Dyer, the chief guard of the home office, and assistant policemen to stand by in the morning at eight thirty when the time lock on the vault will release the door.

Before that time, Dave and his associates, including Sheila, have assembled at the bank, ready for any and all emergencies. What will eight thirty bring?

PART FOUR—INTO A WEB OF MURDER

ADLER came up then and we went in the bank. I looked at the clock. It was twenty after eight. Helm and Snelling had their dustcloths, polishing up their counters. Sheila went back and started to polish hers. Adler went back to the lockers to put on his uniform. I sat down at my desk, opened it, and took out some papers. They were the same papers I'd been stalling with the afternoon before. It seemed a long time ago, but I began stalling with them again. Don't ask me what they were. I don't know yet.

My phone rang. It was Church. She said she wasn't feeling well, and would it be all right if she didn't come in today? I said yeah, perfectly all right.

HELM stepped over and gave my desk a wipe with his cloth. As he leaned down he said: " There's a guy in front of the drugstore I don't like the looks of, and two more down the street."

I looked over. Dyer was there, reading a paper.

" Yeah, I know. I sent for them."

" O. K."

THE clock said eight thirty at last, and the time lock clicked off. Adler came in from the lockers, strapping his belt on over his uniform. Snelling spoke to Helm, and went over to the vault. It takes two men to open a vault, even after the time lock goes off, one to each combination. I opened the second drawer of my desk, took out the automatic that was in there, threw off the catch, slipped it in my coat pocket, and went back there.

" I'll do that, Snelling."

" Oh, that's all right, Mr. Bennett. Helm and I have it down to a fine art. We've got so we can even do it to music."

" I'll try it, just once."

" O. K.—you spin and I'll whistle."

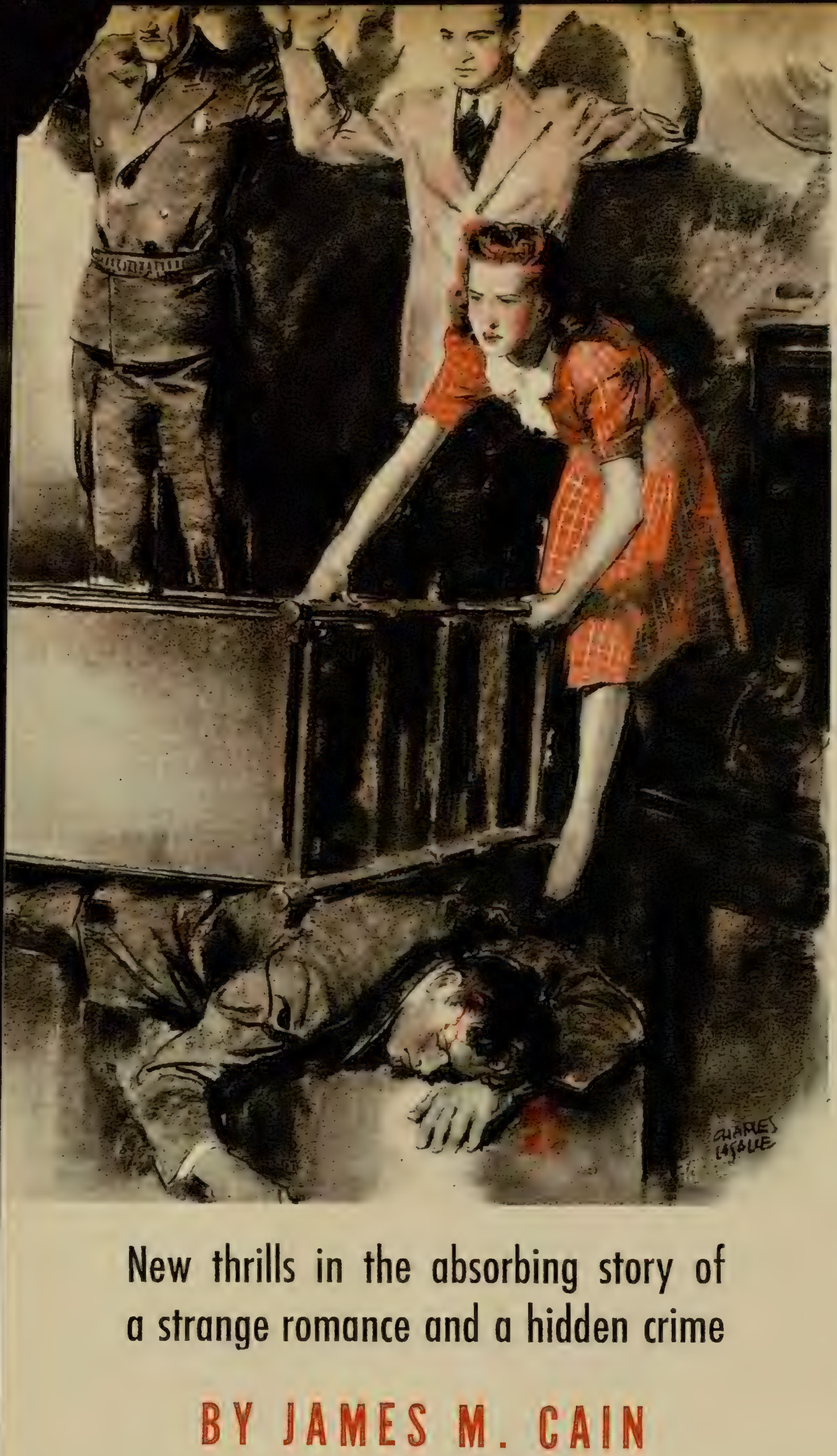
He grinned at Sheila and began to whistle. Helm looked at me, and I nodded. He spun his dial, I spun mine. I swung the door open.

At first, for one wild second, I thought there was nobody in there at all. I snapped on the switch, and couldn't see anything. But then my eye caught bright marks on the steel panels of the compartments that hold the safe-deposit boxes. Then I saw the trucks had all been switched. I dropped my hand in my gun pocket and opened my mouth to call, and right that second the near truck hit me.

It hit me in the pit of the stomach. He must have been crouched behind it, like a runner, braced against the rear shelves and watching the time lock for the exact second we'd be in there. I went over backward, still trying to clear the gun. The truck was right over me, like it had been shot out of a cannon. A roller went over my leg, and then I could see the truck crashing down on top of me.

I MUST have gone out for a split second when it hit my head, because the next thing I knew screams were ringing in my ears, and then I could see Adler and Snelling against the rear wall, their hands over their heads.

But that wasn't the main thing I saw. It was this maniac, in front of the vault, waving an automatic, yelling to put them up and keep them up, that whoever moved was going to be killed. If he had hoped to get away with it without being recognized, I can't say he didn't have a chance. He was dressed different from the way he was the day before. He must have



He was yelling. Sheila was telling him to cut it out. The truck was on top of me.

New thrills in the absorbing story of a strange romance and a hidden crime

BY JAMES M. CAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

brought the stuff in with the grip. He had on a sweat shirt that made him look three times as big as he really was, a pair of rough pants and rough shoes, a black silk handkerchief over the lower part of his face, a felt hat pulled down over his eyes—and this horrible voice.

HE was yelling, and the screaming was coming from Sheila. She seemed to be behind me, and was telling him to cut it out. I couldn't see Helm. The truck was on top of me, and I couldn't see anything clear. Brent was standing right over me.

Then, right back of his head, a chip fell out of the wall. I didn't hear any shot at all, but he must have, because Dyer fired from the street, right through the glass window. Brent turned toward the street, and I saw Adler grab at his holster. I doubled up my legs and drove against the truck, straight at Brent. It missed him and crashed against the wall, right beside Adler. Brent wheeled and fired. Adler fired. I fired. Brent fired again. Then he made one leap and heaved the grip that he had in his other hand straight through the glass at the rear of the bank. You understand: the bank is on a corner, and on two sides there's glass. There's glass on half the third side too, at the rear, facing a parking lot. It was through that window that he heaved the grip. The glass broke with a crash and left a hole the size of a door. He went right through it.

I jumped up and dived after him through the hole. I could hear Dyer and his two men coming up the street behind me, shooting as they came. They hadn't come in the bank at all. At the first yelp that Sheila let out they began shooting through the glass.

Brent was just grabbing up the grip as I got there, and leveled his gun right at me. I dropped to the ground and shot. He shot. There was a volley of shots from Dyer and Halligan and Lewis. He ran about five steps and jumped on the running board of a car. It was a blue sedan, and it was already moving when he landed on it, though I hadn't seen it before. It shot ahead, straight across the parking lot and over to Grove Street, swinging as it went. In a flash he was on the far side, and I couldn't see him. I raised my gun to shoot at the tires. Two kids came around the corner carrying schoolbooks. They stopped and blinked. I didn't fire. The car was gone.

I turned around and stepped back through the hole in the glass. The place was full of smoke from the shooting. Sheila, Helm, and Snelling were stooped down around Adler. He was lying a little to one side of the vault, and a drop of blood was trickling down back of his ear. It was the look on their faces that told me. Adler was dead.

I STARTED for the telephone. It was on my desk, at the front of the bank, and my legs felt queer as I walked along toward it, back of the windows. Before I got to it, Dyer was there ahead of me. He came through the brass gate from the other side and reached for it.

"I'm using that for a second, Dyer."

He didn't answer and didn't look at me, just picked up the phone and started to dial. I grabbed him by the neck of his coat and jerked him back on his heels.

"Didn't you hear what I said?"

His face got white, and he stood there beside me, his nostrils fanning and his little gray eyes drawn down to points. I broke his connection and dialed the home office. When they came in I asked for Lou Frazier. His title is vice-president, same as mine, but he's special assistant to the Old Man, and, with the Old Man in Honolulu, he was in charge.

"Lou?" I said when he was on the wire.

"Yeah?"

"Dave Bennett, in Glendale."

"What is it, Dave?"

"We've had some trouble. You better get out. And bring some money. There'll be a run."

"What kind of trouble?"

"Stick-up. Guard's killed. I think we're cleaned."

"O. K. How much do you need?"

"Twenty thousand, to start. If we need more, you can send for it later. And step on it."

"On my way."

While I was talking, the sirens were screeching, and now the place was full of cops. Outside, an ambulance was pulling in, and about five hundred people standing around, with more coming by the second. When I hung up, my fingers were full of blood. I tried to think what caused it, then remembered the truck falling on me.

"Dyer?"

". . . Yes, sir."

"Mr. Frazier is on his way out. He's bringing money to meet all demands. You're to stay here with Halligan and Lewis and keep order and hold yourself ready for anything he tells you. Let the police take care of Adler."

"They're taking him out now."

I LOOKED, and two of them, with the ambulance crew, were carrying him out. They put him in the ambulance. Helm started out, but I called him: "Get in the vault. Check up."

"We've been in—Snelling and I."

"What did he get?"

"He got it all. Forty-four thousand cash. And that's not all. He got in the boxes. He left the little boxes alone. He went in the others with a chisel, the ones that had big valuables and securities in them, and he took it all from them, too. He knew which ones."

"Mr. Frazier is on his way out with cash for the depositors. As soon as that's under way, make a list of all the rifled boxes, get the box holders on the phone if you can, send them wires otherwise, and get them in here."

"I'll start on it now."

The ambulance crew came in and started over toward me. I waved them away. Sheila came over to me.

"Mr. Kaiser wants to speak to you."

He was right behind her—Bunny Kaiser, the guy she had brought in for the $100,000 loan the afternoon I had found the shortage. I was just opening my mouth to tell him that all demands would be met, that he could take his turn with the other depositors when we opened the windows, when he motioned to the windows. Every window on one side was full of breaks and bullet holes, and the back window had the big hole in it where Brent had thrown his grip through it.

"Mr. Bennett, I just wanted to say I've got my glaziers at work now; they're just starting on the plate-glass windows for my building. They've got plenty of stock and, if you want, I'll send them over and they can get you fixed up here. Them breaks don't look so good."

"That would help, Mr. Kaiser."

"Right away."

"And—thanks."

I stuck out my left hand, the one that wasn't covered with blood, and he took it.

GLAZIERS were already at work ripping out broken glass when Lou Frazier got there. He had a box of cash, four extra tellers, and one uniformed guard, all he could get into his car. He came over and I gave it to him quick, what he needed to know. He stepped out on the sidewalk with his cashbox, held it up, and made a speech:

"All demands will be met. In five minutes the windows will open. All depositors, kindly fall in line. The teller will identify you, and positively nobody but depositors will be admitted!"

They started to get things ready to pay. Dyer was inside by now. Lou went over to him and jerked his thumb toward me.

"Get him out of here."

It was the first it had dawned on me that I must be an awful-looking thing, sitting there at my desk in the front of the bank, with blood all over me. Dyer came over and called another ambulance. Sheila took her handkerchief and started to wipe off my face. It was full of blood in a second.

LOU opened the doors, and forty or fifty depositors filed in. "Savings depositors on this side. Please have your passbooks ready."

He split them up to four windows. There was a little wait, and then those at the head of the line began to get their money. Four or five went out, counting bills. Two or three that had been in line saw we were paying, and dropped out. A guy counting bills stopped, then fell in at the end of the line, to put back the money he had just drawn out.

The run was over.

MY head began to go around and I felt sick to my stomach. Next thing I knew, there was an ambulance siren, and then a doctor in a white coat was standing in front of me, with two orderlies beside him.

"You think you can go, or you going to need a little help?"

"Oh, I can go."

"Better lean on me."

I leaned on him, and I must have looked pretty terrible, because Sheila turned away from me and started to cry. It was the first time she had broken down since it happened, and she couldn't fight it back. Her shoulders kept jerking and the doctor motioned to one of the orderlies.

"Guess we better take her along too."

"Guess we better."

THEY rode us in together, s one stretcher, me on the other. was the old California Hospital aga and they lifted her out and wheeled her away somewhere, and then they took me out. They wheeled me in an elevator, and we went up, and they wheeled me out of the elevator to a room, and then two more doctors came and looked at me. One of them was an older man, and he didn't seem to be an interne.

"Well, Mr. Bennett, you've got a bad head."

"Sew it up. It'll be all right."

"I'm putting you under an anesthetic for that."

"No anesthetic. I've got things to do."

"Do you want to bear that scar the rest of your life?"

"What are you talking about, scar?"

"I'm telling you, you've got a bad head. Now, if—"

"O. K.—but get at it."

I got an orderly to call my house, and I told Sam to bring another suit of clothes.

WHEN I came out of it I was back in the room again, and the nurse was sitting there, and my head was all wrapped in bandages. They hadn't used ether; they had used some other stuff, so in about five minutes I was myself again, though I felt pretty sick. I asked for a paper. She had one on her lap, reading it, and handed it over. It was an early edition, and the robbery was smeared all over the front page, with Brent's picture and Adler's picture and my picture, one of my old football pictures. There was no trace of Brent yet, it said, but the preliminary estimate of what he got was put at $90,000. That included $44,000 from the bank, and around $46,000 taken from the private safe-deposit boxes.

The story made me the hero.

There was a description of Brent's sedan and the license number. Dyer had got that as the car drove off, and it checked with the plates issued in Brent's name. There was quite a lot about the fact that the car was moving when he jumped aboard, and how that proved he had accomplices. There was nothing about Sheila, except that she had been taken to the hospital for nervous collapse, and nothing about the shortage at all.

The nurse got up and came over to feed me some ice. "Well, how does it feel to be a hero?"

"Feels great."

"You had quite a time out there."

"Yeah, quite a time."

PRETTY soon Sam got there with my clothes, and I told him to stand by. Then two detectives came in and began asking questions. I told them as little as I could, but I had to tell them about Helm, and Sheila seeing the red light, and how I'd gone against Dyer's advice, and what happened at the bank. They dug in pretty hard, but I stalled as well as I could, and after a while they went.

m went out and got a later edi-n of the afternoon paper. There as a picture of Sheila in it. It said the police had a talk with her at the hospital, and that she was unable to give any clue as to why Brent had committed the crime, or as to his whereabouts. Then, at the end, it said: “It was intimated, however, that Mrs. Brent will be questioned further.”

At that I hopped out of bed.

“What are you doing, Mr. Bennett?” cried the nurse.

“I'm going home.”

“But you can't! You're to stay until—”

“I said I'm going home.”

While I was dressing they all tried to stop me, the nurse and the interne and the head nurse, but I had Sam pitch the bloody clothes into the suitcase he had brought, and in about five minutes we were off. At the desk downstairs I wrote a check for my bill, and asked the woman how was Mrs. Brent.

“Oh, she'll be all right, but of course it was a terrible shock to her.”

“She still here?”

“Well, they're questioning her, you know.”

“Who?”

“The police. . . . If you ask me, she'll be held.”

“You mean—arrested?”

“Apparently she knows something.”

“Oh, I see.”

“Don't say I told you.”

“I won't, of course.”

BY then Sam had a taxi, and we got in. I had the driver go out to Glendale and pull up beside my car, where I had left it on Anita Avenue. I had Sam take the wheel, and told him to drive around and keep on driving. He took Foothill, and went on up past San Fernando somewhere. I didn't pay any attention where.

Going past the bank, I saw the glass was all in place, and a goldleafer was inside, putting on the lettering. I couldn't see who was in there. Late in the afternoon we came back through Los Angeles, and I bought a paper. My picture was gone now, and so was Adler's, and Brent's was smaller. Sheila's was four columns wide, and in an inset was a picture of her father, Dr. Henry W. Rollinson of U. C. L. A. The headline stretched clear across the page, and called Brent's haul a “cover-up robbery.” I didn't bother to read any more. If Dr. Rollinson had told his story, the whole thing was in the soup.

SAM drove me home then, and fixed me something to eat. I went in the living room and lay down, expecting cops, and wondered what I was going to tell them.

Around eight o'clock the doorbell rang, and I answered it myself. But it wasn't cops; it was Lou Frazier. He came in and I had Sam fix him a drink. He seemed to need it.

“You seen the afternoon papers?” he started in.

“Just the headlines,” I parried.

“The guy was short in his accounts.”

“Looks like it.”

“She was in on it.”

“Who?”

“The wife. That sexy-looking redhead known as Sheila. She doctored the books for him. We just locked up a half hour ago. I've just come from there. Well, boy, it's a crime what that dame got away with. That system in the savings department, all that stuff you went out there to make a report on—that was nothing but a cover. The laugh's on you, Bennett. Now you got a real article for the American Banker.”

“I doubt if she was in on it.”

“I know she was in on it.”

“If she was, why did she let him go to her father for the dough to cover up the shortage? Looks to me like that was putting it on a little too thick.”

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★★★★ **LUKE'S CIRCUS** by Ruth Manning-Sanders. Little, Brown & Co.

The best novel yet written about circus life. Delightful, poignant, thrill-packed, and informative.

“O. K. It's taken me all afternoon to figure that one out, and I had to question the father pretty sharp. He's plenty bitter against Brent. All right. Take it from their point of view, hers and Brent's. They were short on the accounts, and they figured on a phony hold-up that would cover their deficit, so nobody would even know there *had* been a shortage. The first thing to do was get the books in shape, and I'm telling you she made a slick job of that. She didn't leave a trace, and if it wasn't for her father, we'd never have known how much they were short.

“All right. She's got to get those books in shape, and do it before your next check on her cash. That was the tough part; they were up against time, but she was equal to it. I'll say that for her. All right. Now she brings a spider in, and Brent slips in the vault and hides there. But they couldn't be sure what was going to happen next morning, could they? He might get away with it clean—with that handkerchief over his face nobody could identify him—and then later she could call the old man up and say please don't say anything.

“But look. They figure maybe he don't get away with it. Maybe he gets caught, and then what? All the money's there, isn't it? He's got five doctors to swear he's off his nut anyway, on account of illness—and he gets off light. With luck, he even gets a suspended sentence, and the only one that's out is her old man. She shuts him up, and they're not much worse off than they were before. Well, thanks to a guy named Helm, it all went sour. None of it broke like they expected. He got away, but everybody knew who he was, and Adler got killed. So now he's wanted for robbery—*and* murder, and she's held for the same.”

“Is she held?”

“You bet your sweet life she's held. She doesn't know it yet—she's down at that hospital, but there's a cop outside the door right now, and tomorrow when she wakes up maybe she won't look quite so sexy.”

I lay there with my eyes shut, wondering what I was going to do, but by that time my head was numb. After a while I heard myself speak to him.

“Lou?”

“Yeah?”

“I knew about that shortage.”

“. . . You mean you suspected it?”

“I knew—”

“*You mean you suspected it!*”

He fairly screamed it at me. When I opened my eyes he was standing in front of me, his eyes almost popping out of their sockets, his face all twisted and white. He looked like some kind of a wild man.

“If you knew about it, and didn't report it, *there goes our bond! Don't you get it, Bennett? There goes our bond!*”

It was the first I had even thought of the bond. I could see it, though, the second he began to scream, that little line in fine type on the bond. We don't make our people give individual bond. We carry a group bond on them ourselves, and that line reads: “. . . The assured shall report to the Corporation any shortage, embezzlement, defalcation, or theft on the part of any of their employees, within twenty-four hours of the time such shortage, embezzlement, defalcation, or theft shall be known to them, or to their officers, and failure to report such shortage, embezzlement, defalcation, or theft shall be deemed ground for the cancellation of this bond, and the release of the Corporation from liability for such shortage, embezzlement, defalcation, or shortage.” I felt my lips go cold and the sweat stand out on the palms of my hands, but I went on:

“You're accusing a woman of crimes I know damned well she didn't commit, and, bond or no bond, I'm telling you—”

“You're not telling me anything. Get that right now!”

He grabbed his hat and ran for the door. “And listen. If you know what's good for you, you're not telling anybody else either! If that comes out, there goes our fidelity bond and our burglary bond—we won't get a cent from the bonding company, we're hooked for the whole ninety thousand bucks, and— God, ninety thousand bucks! Ninety thousand bucks!”

HE went, and I looked at my watch. It was nine o'clock. I called up a florist, and had them send flowers to Adler's funeral. Then I went upstairs and went to bed.

DON'T ask me about the next three days. They were the worst I ever spent in my life. First I went in to the Hall of Justice and talked to Mr. Gaudenzi, the assistant district attorney that was on the case. He took notes, and then things began to hit me.

First I was summoned to appear before the grand jury, to tell what I had to say there. I had to waive immunity for that, and, boy, if you think it's fun to have those babies tearing at your throat, you try it once. There's no judge to help you, no lawyer to object to questions that make you look like a fool; nothing but you, the district attorney, the stenographer, and them. They kept me in there two hours. I squirmed and sweated and tried to get out of admitting why I put up the money for Sheila, but after a while they had it. I admitted I had asked her to divorce Brent and marry me, and that was all they wanted to know.

I was hardly home before a long wire from Lou Frazier was delivered, telling me the bonding company had filed notice they denied liability for the money that was gone, and relieving me of duty until further notice. He would have fired me if he could, but that had to wait till the Old Man got back from Honolulu.

But the worst was the newspapers. The story had been doing pretty well until I got in it—I mean it was on the front page, with pictures and all kinds of stuff about clues to Brent's whereabouts, one hot tip putting him in Mexico, another in Phoenix, and still another in Del Monte, where an auto-court man said he'd registered, the night of the robbery. But when they had my stuff, they went hog-wild with it. That gave it a love interest, and what they did to me was just plain murder. They called it the Loot Triangle, and went over to old Dr. Rollinson's, where Sheila's children were staying, and got pictures of them and of him, and stole at least a dozen of her, and ran every picture of me they could dig out of their files, and I cursed the day I ever posed in a bathing suit while I was in college, with a co-ed skinning the cat on each arm, in an "Adonis" picture for some football publicity.

And what I got for all that hell was that the day before I appeared before them, the grand jury indicted Sheila for alteration of a corporation's records, for embezzlement, and for accessory to robbery with a deadly weapon. The only thing they didn't indict her for was murder, and why they hadn't done that I couldn't understand.

So it all went for nothing. I'd nailed myself to the cross, brought all my federal notes to prove I'd put up the money, and that she couldn't have had anything to do with it, and she got indicted just the same. I got so I didn't have the heart to put my outside the house, except whe newspaperman showed up, and the I'd go out to take a poke at him, if I could. I sat home and listened to the short-wave radio, tuned to the police broadcasts, wondering if I could pick up something that would mean they were closing in on Brent. That, and the news broadcasts. One of them said Sheila's bail had been set at $7,500, and that her father had put it up, and that she'd been released. It wouldn't have done any good for me to have gone down to put up bail. I'd given her all I had already.

That day I got in the car and took a ride, just to keep from going nuts. Coming back, I drove by the bank and peeped in.

Snelling was at my desk, Church was at Sheila's window, Helm was at Snelling's place, and there were two tellers I'd never seen before.

WHEN I tuned in on the news, after supper that night, for the first time there was some sign the story was slackening off. The guy said Brent hadn't been caught yet, but there was no more stuff about me, or about Sheila. I relaxed a little, but then after a while something else began to bore into me. Where was Brent? If she was out on bail, was she meeting him? I'd done all I could to clear her, but that didn't mean I was sure she was innocent. The idea that she might be meeting him somewhere, that she had played me for a sucker that way, right from the start, set me to tramping around that living room once more, and I tried to tell myself to forget it, to forget her, and I couldn't. Around eight thirty I did something I guess I'm not proud of. I got in the car, drove over there, and parked down the street about half a block, to see what I could see.

There was a light on, and I sat there a long time. You'd be surprised what went on—the newspaper reporters that rang the bell and got kicked out; the cars that drove by, and slowed down so fat women could rubber in there; the peeping that was going on from upstairs windows of houses. After a while the light went off. The door opened, and Sheila came out. She started down the street, toward me. I felt if she saw me there I'd die of shame. I dropped down behind the wheel and bent over to one side so I couldn't be seen from the pavement, and held my breath. I could hear her footsteps coming on, quick, like she was in a hurry to get somewhere. They went right on by the car, without stopping, but through the window, almost in a whisper, I heard her say: "You're being watched."

What is to be the upshot of this criminal intrigue? Can Sheila and Dave escape the terrible cost of breaking the law? How will Brent fare in this "Loot Triangle"? Will Justice have the last fatal word? Next week's Liberty brings you the big finale in Cain's absorbing drama.

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

HE famous Lubitsch touch—the intangible *something different* we admire in movies directed by Ernst Lubitsch—springs from his unique ability to dramatize every unusual event that comes his way in real life. . . . His success could be a universal lesson. . . . Observe with painstaking care the people nearest you. . . . *Drama* is all around us—if we know how to see it.

Mr. Lubitsch knows how.

Asked him to give samples of his dramatic observation. He started with the scene from Desire, where boy meets girl when the automobile horn gets stuck and won't stop hooting. "I saw that happen in New York," Lubitsch told me. "The horn on a Fifth Avenue bus got stuck and wouldn't stop blowing. Every one stood around, openmouthed, trying to fix it. Myself included. Nothing doing. Suddenly a drab little man stepped out of the crowd; poked a finger in; and the noise ceased like magic. If *that* wasn't drama, what is?"

Sound of bells ringing in a quiet little town always means romance to Lubitsch—because it brings back one of his fondest childhood memories. After years of directing stars such as Garbo and Dietrich, he tells us to look toward Virginia Weidler and Jackie Cooper for future brilliance—two tips worth taking.

Some day soon you will see a Lubitsch picture in which the comedy will develop around a character with a book of matches ablaze in his pocket. The scene will reproduce one of E. L.'s recent—and personal—experiences.

☆ What the newspapers *didn't* find out was that a certain fairly well known theatrical pair were on their way to Reno for a friendly divorce when a Florida storm washed the road away from under their car, obliging husband to save wife's life in spectacular style. Soon as they saw the news accounts of his heroic deed, both realized at once that divorce would be ridiculously impossible for quite a while to come. This strange predicament was reported to me by an acquaintance who happens to be a relative of the wife. I'm told the afflicted couple agree perfectly on one point. They both say, "We'd make fools of ourselves if we went to Reno before we've lived our rescue down!"

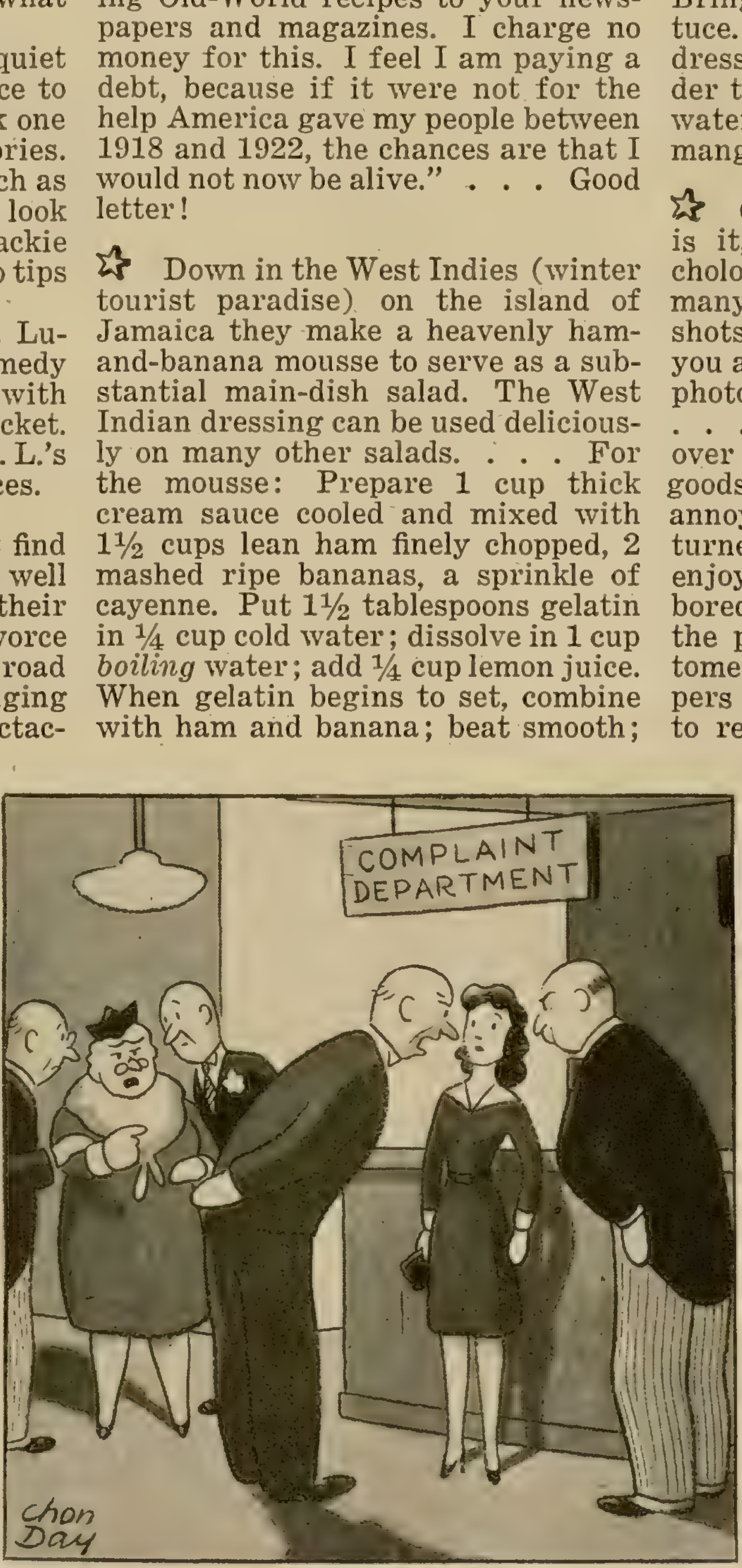
☆ George Mardikian runs restaurants in California. He wrote me a letter the other day. Says he's been an ardent reader of mine for eight years—but that wasn't what prompted me to cite his letter. The part I want to quote goes as follows: . . . "Being an Armenian," says Mr. Mardikian, "and having some qualities of the elephant, never forgetting kindness, I have tried to contribute to the cuisine of my adopted country, America, by giving Old-World recipes to your newspapers and magazines. I charge no money for this. I feel I am paying a debt, because if it were not for the help America gave my people between 1918 and 1922, the chances are that I would not now be alive." . . . Good letter!

☆ Down in the West Indies (winter tourist paradise) on the island of Jamaica they make a heavenly ham-and-banana mousse to serve as a substantial main-dish salad. The West Indian dressing can be used deliciously on many other salads. . . . For the mousse: Prepare 1 cup thick cream sauce cooled and mixed with 1½ cups lean ham finely chopped, 2 mashed ripe bananas, a sprinkle of cayenne. Put 1½ tablespoons gelatin in ¼ cup cold water; dissolve in 1 cup *boiling* water; add ¼ cup lemon juice. When gelatin begins to set, combine with ham and banana; beat smooth; pour into mold; refrigerate well. Bring to table on bed of shredded lettuce. . . . For the West Indian dressing: Rub 1 teaspoon curry powder to velvet smoothness with a little water, then add 1 tablespoon chopped mango chutney and 1 cup mayonnaise.

☆ *Questions from readers:* "Why is it," writes a girl studying psychology at a Texas college, "that so many men take pride in showing snapshots of wives and children, whereas you almost never see a woman display photos of her husband and kids?" . . . Asks a lady who motors all over the country selling wholesale dry goods: "Why do roadside restaurants annoy their trade by keeping the radio turned on full blast? Their radios are enjoyed by the hired help alone—by bored waiters and countermen. Can't the proprietors realize that we customers want to talk or read newspapers in peace?" . . . I am unable to reply to these questions, because I don't know the answers. Do you?

☆ A word-wise man once told me: "Literature means any story that intensifies your realization of life." Henry and Sylvia Lieferant have written a new novel, United They Stand, that will intensify your understanding of family life. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

☆ Apparently we have *no* licensed lady plumbers. We women have entered almost every other profession and trade, but it seems that plumbing is still beyond us. Tom Moffett, editor of the Plumbing and Heating Journal, has been in close touch with the business for forty years, and he tells me he never has even *heard* of a lady plumber! Plumbing *is* a homecraft. You'd think that women would have gone in for it long ago. But we haven't. Why not?



"You see, Miss Walters, we don't usually refer to a customer's airing of grievances as 'bellyaching'!"

EX-LAX MOVIES

A Skeptic is Converted

ANN: I dread taking this awful-tasting medicine. It always leaves me weak as a kitten.

RUTH: You're just plain foolish to take a cathartic like that. Try my stand-by . . . Ex-Lax.

ANN: Why, this tastes just like fine chocolate! But will it really work?

RUTH: Yes, indeed! Ex-Lax is thorough and effective—yet it doesn't upset you.

LATER

ANN: Thanks to you and Ex-Lax, I feel wonderful this morning.

RUTH: I *knew* you would! In our family we all use Ex-Lax!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

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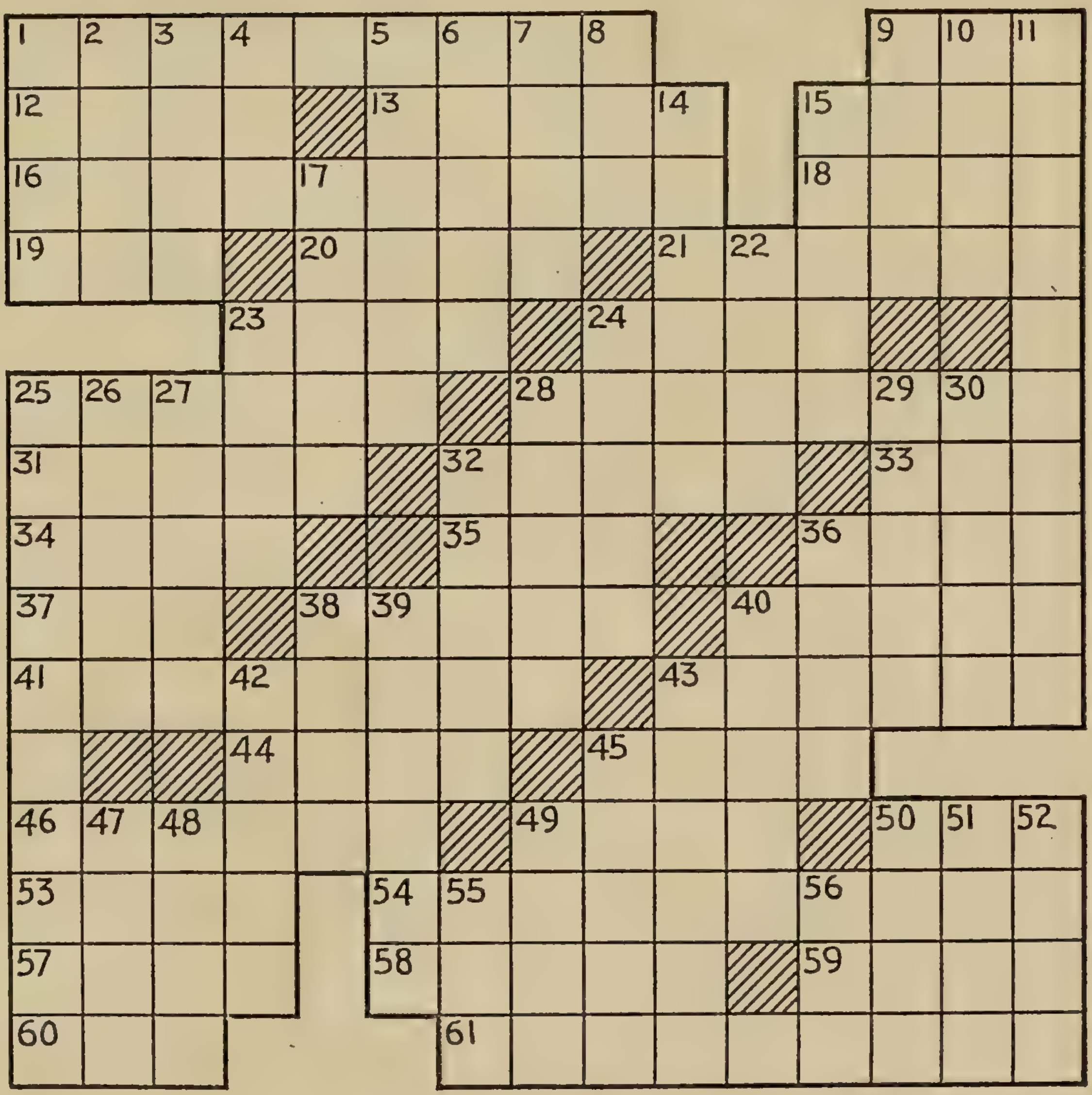
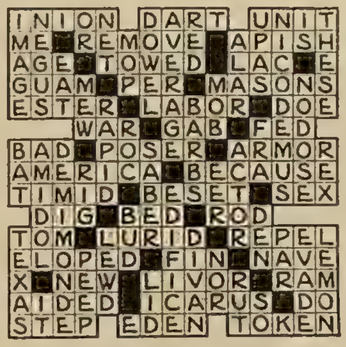
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Trust buster (two words)
9 Bucolic member of Booze Who
12 This tide feels blue
13 The criminal's patina
15 Home of the Ramblin' Wreck
16 Rhode Island with a superiority complex
18 Colorless crystalline compound
19 Girls wait for the right one to come around
20 Linen dandruff
21 Coleridge's Dream World
23 Old-fashioned smack on the kisser
24 The cost of crime
25 Undictatorial
28 What well dressed men may wear about their shoulders this spring
31 Greenlanders
32 Grandmother's hangovers
33 Wha' a Scotch lassie says when she means aye!
34 Little coffin nails
35 Veronica, Hathaway, and Gora
36 High yaller
37 Japanese carp—but awf'ly cute-sounding
38 Extra special
40 No matter how small, he's a lodge doorman
41 What an actress makes into a drawing room and the mouth into the stomach
43 Imprisonment
44 They're put on by exhibitionists and producers
45 Great build-up for a financier (he likes to retire on it)
46 This is life-giving to chewsy old cows
49 A phony contraption people are always sticking their fingers into
50 The Eve of the Civil War
53 Number of things that take real doing
54 This kind of guest rarely gives this kind of pleasure
57 Double negative
58 Mary in Paris
59 Kind of boy who gets urging
60 Single negative
61 This was set down recently by the members of the Milwaukee bar, absolutely spiritless (two words)



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INION DART UNIT
ME■REMOVE■APISH
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ESTER■LABOR■DOE
   WAR■GAB■FED 
BAD■POSER■ARMOR
AMERICA■BECAUSE
TIMID■BESET■SEX
 DIG■BED■ROD   
TOM■LURID■REPEL
ELOPED■FIN■NAVE
X■NEW■LIVOR■RAM
AIDED■ICARUS■DO
STEP EDEN TOKEN
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Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 First Führer of Peru; Red, too
2 Close but not stingy
3 How to keep a woman during a crisis
4 Cockney snike dahncers
5 Sufferer from I disease
6 What New England roads are full of
7 Farmer's isn't
8 Forty-one
9 The Mrs. Roosevelt of Olympus
10 Put the chill on
11 Wheel nurses
14 What life in Washington is
15 He hunts for flaws in ivory
17 All blue; clubby quintuplet
22 &s
23 A hayseed dogie (fem.)
24 I can remember when this was still a girl's name
25 What somebody slipped Stalin (two words)
26 Bunch of Irish stars
27 A tootsie
28 To drape a dame on the ulna and gallop around
29 Kind of carb or relative
30 Collector's items
32 Only place where they can check the French (pl.)
36 Greenland
38 Puss
39 Drain-in-the-face with a cold
40 This enmeshes women
42 A lot of noise about advertising
43 A wrap-around
45 A little fairy
47 Four goose eggs
48 How to pass on hills
49 Streeter's Mable
50 She made Henry a lady
51 Equine Aesculapiuses
52 These gals sound helpful
55 Pinch me
56 R. I. with an i. c.

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

TO MAKE AMERICA THINK

Uncompromisingly, the movies translate The Grapes of Wrath to the screen—and give you a memorable picture

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ THE GRAPES OF WRATH

THE PLAYERS: Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell, ohn Carradine, Charles Grapewin, Dorris Bow-on, Russell Simpson, O. Z. Whitehead, John Qualen, Eddie Quillan, Zeffie Tilbury, Frank Sully, Frank Darien, Darryl Hickman, Shirley Mills, Roger Imhof, Grant Mitchell, Charles D. Brown, ohn Arledge, Ward Bond, Harry Tyler, William Pawley, Arthur Aylesworth, Charles Tannen, Sel-mar Jackson, Charles Middleton, Eddie Waller, Paul Guilfoyle, David Hughes. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson based on John Steinbeck's novel. Directed by John Ford. Produced by Twen-tieth Century-Fox. Running time, 129 minutes.

Dorris Bowdon and Henry Fonda in The Grapes of Wrath, an eloquent story of the lost pioneers of today.

ONE of the great films of 1940. John Steinbeck presented a scathing indictment of society when he wrote of the simple, common folk of the Dust Bowl driven by poverty and oppression to seek a promised land. Steinbeck told with stinging realism, without compromise, of the Joad family's trek from hard-bitten Oklahoma to California. Their bleak lands swallowed up by greedy corporations, they are part of the host of migratory workers, once share croppers with homes, seeking the end of the trail.

John Ford, the man who made The Informer and Stagecoach, has translated all this into a grim and bitter picture, yet one of deep compassion and human understanding. Profanity and shock have been toned down, but the flavor, the sting, and the vitality remain.

Here are twelve grimy, sweaty, bewildered humans, piled with their pitiful possessions in an overloaded wheezing old truck, struggling to find a haven. In the battered truck ride death and life, hopelessness and elemental courage. Harried by the authorities, exploited by selfish employers when they seek work, they struggle on. The camps where they pause to get their breath are dirty, crowded with tired and hungry humans, dogs, tin cans—and fear. And at the end there is nothing. They join the thousands of dazed wanderers lost in a land of sunshine.

Ford relates Steinbeck's story without compromise and with eloquent simplicity. His photography has stark, candid-camera realism. His film is told with an astonishing fidelity to the original. The Joads discuss an approaching birth in their midst with primitive frankness; for the first time the little back shack with the crescent cut in the door reaches the screen.

Too, the cluttered truck carries some amazing acting. Henry Fonda is admirable as Tom Joad, the hot-tempered, groping ex-convict struggling against fate; but even better is Jane Darwell as Ma Joad, whose blind faith sustains these humans. There are other superb performances: John Carradine's Casy, a roadside preacher until things got mixed with him; Dorris Bowdon as Rosasharn, baffled and frightened by maternity; and John Qualen's half-daft share cropper robbed of his lands.

There are those who will condemn The Grapes of Wrath as an invasion of the field of controversial subjects; who will insist that it magnifies an isolated phase of our life out of all proportion, who will look at it as a preachment against society and government. Your reactions will depend upon you.

It isn't pretty, this tale of a nation's callous forgetfulness. The films once did very well by the covered wagons of '49. Here they do better by these lost pioneers of today, for this is a memorable attempt to make America think.

VITAL STATISTICS: No film in years has aroused so much debate. Many movie leaders feel that the screen shouldn't enter the field of controversial themes. And will this ever be shown in California? . . . Darryl Zanuck paid $70,000 for the movie rights. Largest price yet for a book. . . . Took seven weeks to film at an outlay of $800,000. . . . Director John Ford sent Otto Brower and a camera crew into the Oklahoma Dust Bowl for material. Crew traveled Highway 66, the route of millions of Okies. Started at Oklahoma City, worked westward. . . . More than 200 real Okies used as extras. Also twenty-four authentically battered jaloppies, all real cross-country veterans. . . . The late Alice Brady told me last year that Memphis-born Dorris Bowdon was the most promising girl on the Twentieth-Century-Fox lot. She was discovered two years ago by a film scout in a Louisiana State University production of R. U. R. Did a small role with Miss Brady in Young Mr. Lincoln. . . . Gwen Wakeling, studio designer, did the job of deglamorizing the actresses for The Grapes of Wrath. Combed Los Angeles for frayed sweaters, battered shoes, yellow calico, ancient Mother Hubbards, frayed dungarees; finally got 'em from the Goodwill Society. Only one item cost more than a dollar: old shoes small enough to fit La Bowdon's feet. No make-up used by any of the players anywhere. . . . Fonda's toughest job: taking a bath in the Colorado River near Needles. Temperature of water only fifteen degrees above freezing. . . . Jane Darwell's dad was general manager of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad. Jane announced she wanted to be a bareback rider; pop promptly sent her to Dana Hall in Boston. Then she asserted herself and went on the stage. . . . Veteran Russell Simpson learned his stagecraft under David Belasco. After appearing in The College Widow back in 1908 or thereabouts, he joined the Belasco forces, was seen in The Girl of the Golden West. . . . O. Z. Whitehead (O. Z. stands for Oothout Zabriskie), who sits on a Texas corral fence so realistically as Al Joad in the picture is the son of a New York banker. He went to Harvard for two years.

★ ★ ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS

THE PLAYERS: George Brent, Isa Miranda, John Loder, Nigel Bruce, Elizabeth Patterson, Matthew Boulton, Rex Evans, Cecil Kelloway, Walter Kingsford, Ernest Truex, Nikolayeva, E. E. Clive, Vera Lewis, Edward Gargan. Screen play by Leonard Lee and Franz Schulz, based on a story by Frank O'Connor. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 72 minutes.

A NONE too ingenious fable of dark deeds in the shadows of the South African diamond mines. George Brent is a handsome English captain who falls within the charms of a lovely siren allied with a bad but handsome adventurer. They're plotting to steal a mess of precious stones under the very noses of the mine police. The attractive Milanese, Isa Miranda, is the decorative lure; that excellent young English actor, John Loder, is the reckless sparkler scoundrel.

The melodrama momentarily goes educational, showing in detail the scientific methods of getting diamonds from the earth. Most of the time it unfolds an involved and not very believable tale of thieves exploiting ornate bait in décolletée Dietrich decorativeness. And La Miranda has possibilities.

Short review:

★ ★ **LOUISE** (Société Parisienne de Production de Films). Grace Moore in her favorite operatic role. She is gracious and sings charmingly, but is hardly the ingenuous girl of the Paris garrets that Charpentier immortalized in melody.

THE TURNTABLE

A review of the outstanding recent phonographic recordings

BY LISTENER

CLASSICAL

★ ★ ★ ★ Debussy: *Nocturnes (Nuages, Fêtes, Sirènes).* Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski (Victor Album M-630). Mr. Stokowski captures the vivid tone colors of *Fêtes,* as well as the more subtle magic of the other nocturnes, superbly.

★ ★ ★½ Chopin: *Mazurkas.* Played by Arthur Rubinstein, pianist (Victor Album M-626). Delicacy and grace of these compositions beautifully evoked by the soloist. . . . Chopin enthusiasts should not miss this set.

★ ★ ★ Handel: *Concerto Grosso No. 6 in G Minor.* Felix Weingartner conducting the London Symphony Orchestra (Columbia Album X-154). Smoothness and serenity of slow movements as interpreted by this conductor provide admirable balance for the lively contrapuntal sections.

OFF THE BEATEN PATH

★ ★ ★ Mozart: *Piano Sonata in C Major, K-545* (Timely Records 1314). The now famous "Raymond Scott" theme excellently played in its original form. To focus attention to the music, the pianist is anonymous.

★ ★ ★ *Jingle Jangle.* Boston "Pops" Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, conductor (Victor 12597). Unusual blend of symphonic and popular styles. Features Larry White on vibraphone. Other side shows off composer Robert McBride on clarinet.

POPULAR

★ ★ ★½ *All the Things You Are.* Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra (Victor 26401). Tommy's consistently great trombone shines again. Jack Leonard sings as the band lends able instrumental support.

★ ★ ★½ *Faithful Forever.* Glen ler's Orchestra (Bluebird 10465). Inter ing harmonies . . . good muted bra effects . . . relaxed vocal by Ray Eberle *Bluebirds in the Moonlight* on reverse. A clever arrangement, sung by Marion Hutton.

★ ★ ★ *Careless.* Woody Herman's Orchestra (Decca 2955). Popular ballad well done at a slow tempo. Woody plays the clarinet and takes the vocal too.

★ ★ ★ *Indian Summer.* Jan Savitt's Orchestra (Decca 2821). Fine trombone effects and ensemble work behind Bon Bon's vocal. *Sweet Dreams, Sweetheart,* on B side, features another good arrangement.

★ ★ ★ *At the Balalaika.* Sung by Nelson Eddy with orchestra (Columbia 17173-D). Mr. Eddy's vigorous voice well recorded . . . does full justice to this current favorite. The melodious *The Magic of Your Love* on other side.

SWING

★ ★ ★½ *Summertime.* Sidney Bechet Quintet (Blue Note Records 6). Great virtuosity and intensity of feeling from Bechet's soprano saxophone . . . should be listened to more than once. The coupling, *Pounding Heart Blues,* noteworthy for trumpet improvisations of Frank Newton.

★ ★ ★ *Little Posey.* Duke Ellington's Orchestra (Columbia 35291). Great band shows how to gather momentum without blasting . . . trombone choruses and the Duke's piano outstanding. *Lady in Blue* on the other side has typical Ellingtonian harmonies.

Dear Diary: I SAID "YES" TONIGHT

HARRY DANCED DIVINELY, but I just simply couldn't stand his slick, shiny hair with that "patent-leather" look. Many's the time I wanted to say, "good grief, use Kreml!"

DICK MADE MONEY hand over fist but his bald head made him look so old I was afraid people would think I was marrying him to feather my nest. Too late for Kreml!

TOM WAS WITTY, a barrel of fun, but I said "no". His hot-tentot hair simply got my goat. A little Kreml would have fixed it, but he insisted on using water as a dressing.

BUT GEORGE WINS, I said "yes" to George tonight—"goodbye" to Tom, Dick and Harry. Well groomed hair, no loose dandruff, no stray hairs. George uses Kreml.

Kreml is the famous tonic-dressing that removes dandruff scales, checks excessive falling hair and relieves itching scalp—and at the same time acts as a marvelous dressing without being sticky or greasy.

Women tell us that Kreml puts the hair in splendid condition for a permanent — makes permanents look lovelier.

Ask for Kreml at your drug store or barber shop.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80 per cent olive oil base, it cleans hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

KREML

Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES • CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR • NOT GREASY • MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

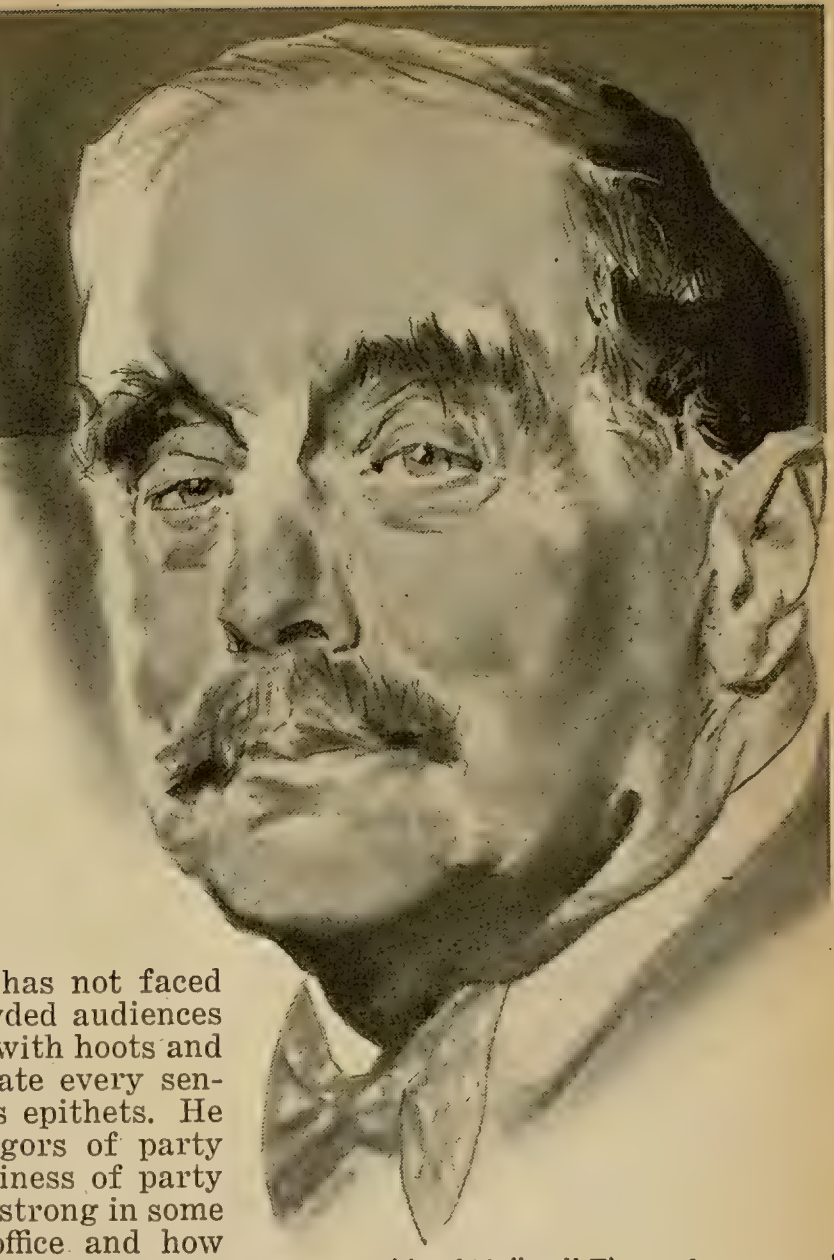
WHY H. G. WELLS IS *wrong*

An eminent Briton replies to a Liberty article that was heard 'round the world

BY ALFRED DUFF COOPER

Former First Lord of the Admiralty

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS



Mr. Wells. "There is a good deal of Peter Pan in him."

IT is more than threescore years and ten since H. G. Wells first gazed upon this vale of tears. The England over which Queen Victoria reigned seems to most of us, when we look back on it, a happy, peaceful land in comparison with the tormented world in which we find ourselves. It seems not so, however, to H. G. Wells, and I have heard him say that these modern times, fraught as they are with limitless possibilities of change and development, possibilities also of doom and disaster, are nevertheless preferable to the stagnation and complacency, the opposition to reform and progress, which he associates with the days of his youth.

For Wells' tragedy is not that of most revolutionaries, who live their whole lives in expectation and die without having heard the tocsin ring. Less fortunate than they, he has seen the revolutions come — not in one place but in many—has seen them wallow in bloodshed, has watched them decay in incompetence, and has mourned their demise in stultification, imperialism, and reaction.

Yet, being eternally youthful, he does not despair, and he is busy even now in making plans for the new world that shall arise like a phoenix from the ashes of the old.

Mr. Wells is a great artist, one of the greatest storytellers of all time, but he has ever been inclined to despise the profession of storytelling and has sought rather to be a prophet or a preacher. It can with truth be said that his prophecies have often proved true, and that his sermons have never been dull; but for the high role of statesman that he would assume he lacks the most important of all qualifications — practical experience.

Occasionally a select and privileged audience has been so fortunate as to hear him lecture, but to the hurly-burly of political life in a democracy he is a stranger. He has not faced night after night crowded audiences who greet the speaker with hoots and jeers, and who punctuate every sentence with opprobrious epithets. He has not known the rigors of party discipline nor the pettiness of party spite, nor realized how strong in some men is the lust for office and how weak in many is the love of truth.

This lack of practical experience has produced in H. G. Wells a curious result. There never lived a man with a more indestructible faith in humanity as a whole, nor a man with a greater contempt for the capacity and the character of most of the men he has encountered. He believes that the vast majority of human beings are quite ready to accept and assimilate his own enlightened but far from simple schemes of political reconstruction, but he is not surprised that some of the highly intelligent and distinguished individuals with whom he is acquainted are never in complete accordance with his views.

The only individuals for whom he retains respect are professional scientists. His belief in them, dating no doubt from the days of his own early studies, is truly touching. If a sufficient number of scientific Nobel prize winners could only be induced to give their minds to the problem, he is sure that they could settle satisfactorily the affairs of the world. There is indeed a good deal of Peter Pan in H. G. Wells, and among the things that he has not grown out of is his awe of his science master. Science and socialism were going to change the world when he was young. They have had their chance, and a pretty mess they have made of it. But he clings to the beliefs of his youth.

He denounced me angrily in the December 30 issue of Liberty for having said that revolution in Germany might come from the Right and might lead to a restoration of the monarchy. I wondered when I read it why I had irritated him—and then I remembered that in the reign of Queen Victoria revolution always came from the Left and royalty stood for reaction. Wells would not allow the Left to resign one of its privileges, and to him revolution from the Right seemed unthinkable. Also, in the days of Victoria all progressives were republicans, even Joseph Chamberlain. Wells knows as well as I do that the government of Kaiser Wilhelm was more liberal than that of Hitler, just as the government of the Czar was more liberal than that of Stalin—yet in his mind the obstinate prejudice remains that an elected President must be a better man than a hereditary monarch.

Like all good storytellers, Wells is inclined to dramatize himself, and one of his favorite roles is that of the man in the street. Now, there never was a man in any street like H. G. Wells; yet this does not prevent his use of "we" in a sense signifying himself and the great British public. These "we" are very anxious to know what Britain's war aims are, and how they are to be guaranteed in the peace treaty. "We," according to Wells, were "cheated" out of them in 1918. Exactly who cheated whom out of what, and how, he does not particularize. My own recollection of the general election which was held in Great Britain in 1918 was that anybody who shouted loud enough his intention of hanging the Kaiser was elected, and that all those who ex-

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VITAMINS *for vitality*

TOGETHER

they help give you a lift all through the winter

Low on vitality? Dragged down by minor digestive upsets? . . .

Then why not add Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast to your diet? Scientists say it is so helpful because it gives vitamins *together* with the action of *fresh yeast* itself.

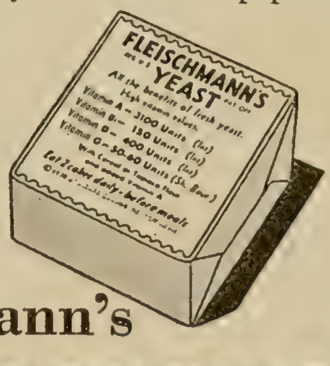
The fresh yeast *stimulates* sluggish digestive activity and *speeds* the assimilation of food. Tests in laboratories show this is an action of *yeast itself*—quite distinct from known vitamin action.

The vitamins are needed to *maintain* steady nerves and to *keep up* vitality.

Only in Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast can you get such an abundant supply of the 4 vitamins, A, B_1, D and G, and *all* the vitamins of the amazing Vitamin B Complex.

Eat 2 cakes a day. See if you don't soon find your nerves are steadier, you feel better, you have more pep.

Let this Fresh Yeast give you double help



Fleischmann's HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST

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pressed a more moderate view were soundly defeated.

For the fundamental fact which Wells overlooks is that public opinion is not always wise and generous. Often it is stupid and cruel. But public opinion is the raw material with which the statesman has to work. It is malleable and can be molded, but it is not easy material to work upon. It demands the hands of an artist, the observation of a scientist, the patience of a saint.

Mr. Wells contemptuously condemns the Treaty of Versailles as a "politicians' muddle"; but it is really not very intelligent to abuse a treaty because it was made by politicians. I should be as well justified in sneering at works of fiction on the ground that they are all the work of novelists. If Mr. Wells believes that in 1919 public opinion either in England, France, or the United States was more enlightened, more liberal, or more generous than were the minds of Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, or President Wilson, then Mr. Wells is wrong. His memory betrays him. The contrary was the case.

THE practice of politics is not so simple as Wells would have us believe. In the two articles to which I am referring he states the problem very plainly.

We are fighting, he says, to "put down violence." There we are all agreed. But how are we going to do it? That is where we all differ. Wells' solution is a new Declaration of Rights—an admirable document which the British and French governments could sign tomorrow and abide by loyally without in any way altering their internal or external policy. Nor would the present German government have difficulty in signing it; for the present German government has never, when signing documents, had the slightest intention of honoring its signature.

But supposing, as the result of defeat in war, a new government comes into power in Germany, with, to please Mr. Wells, a liberal President at the head of it, and supposing that in perfect faith this President signs the declaration, are we to take his signature as a guaranty that not for his term of office only but for all time there shall be liberty in Germany and Germans shall deny themselves the pleasure they appear to take in torturing one another?

Supposing at the next election this good liberal President is defeated and his rival with Nazi antecedents is elected, are we to declare the election null and void and so deprive the German people of that very freedom which, according to Mr. Wells, we are fighting to restore to them? And if they stick to their choice, are we immediately to mobilize the fleet and march the army and begin the whole sorry business over again?

The only alternative would appear to be the retention in Germany of some systematic international control. But such a measure would hardly be compatible with German pendence; and how would Wells, w in his earlier article shuddered at th idea of compelling the various states of the German Reich to separate against their will from one another, reconcile himself to a far greater interference with their freedom?

But because H. G. Wells is human and an artist his blood is beginning to warm. There is a notable difference of temperature between the article published in Liberty on December 30 and that which appeared on February 3.

On December 30 Wells laid it down that "We are not fighting the Germans. . . . We are fighting Hitler and the Nazis. We want to *free* the Germans." And he went on to refer to them as "these friends of ours, these Germans whom we are fighting to liberate." But by February 3 he is strongly in favor of dropping bombs on these friends of ours, just as a proof of our friendship. Nor would he spare the women and children. A "vigorous bombing" of Berlin, he thinks, would do them good, and "It is a misfortune for mankind that Berlin was not soundly bombed, as it could have been, in 1918."

20 QUESTIONS

1—What old king and his young son solved more crimes than J. Edgar Hoover?

2—Do canaries come from the Canary Islands?

3—Did Dante, who immortalized in verse his hopeless love for Beatrice, ever marry?

4—Ibsen is dead, but the man who convinced the English-speaking world of his genius lives on. Who is he?

5—What is the difference between Philadelphia ice cream and French ice cream?

6—What two grand operas were written by Victor Herbert?

7—What great festival in the United States is called by a name that means "Fat Tuesday"? And why?

8—What is the real name of Little Java?

9—Name a world-famous athlete who died of pernicious anemia.

10—On what day of every year is the New York Aquarium's telephone disconnected?

11—What clergyman was the original author of a famous moving picture currently exhibited?

12—When college boys and girls are talking among themselves, what do they mean when they say: a rib; a delink; go milk a duck?

13—Where an American newspaper publishes a "retraction," an English newspaper publishes what?

14—One of the gifts of the Three Wise Men was myrrh. What is myrrh used for today?

15—A man loved and married a woman who was untrue to him. After bearing him two sons, she eloped with her lovers. Years later the husband found her fallen to the lowest depths of degradation. He forgave her and restored her to love and decency. Then he wrote a world classic on forgiveness. Who was he?

16—The word "theism" means a belief in one God. What other meaning has the same word, spelled the same and pronounced the same way?

17—When a radio studio director stands in front of a broadcasting performer and draws his hand across his throat, what does he mean?

18—What do the letters S O S mean?

19—What is the difference between a French billion and an English billion?

20—Where did the phrase originate: "Keep it under your hat"?

(Answers will be found on page 52)

In December it was only against Hitler and the Nazis we were fighting, but now it is "the Germans" who have "insisted on being a nuisance to all the world . . . and it is absurd to concentrate upon Herr tler the responsibility for all that erce, fatuous crowd swaggering which thousands of photographs have recorded."

I like Mr. Wells best in his bellicose mood and I agree with him that Hitler is not the only criminal. Yet I cannot fly with him to Berlin to drop bombs on the civilian population. Not yet, at any rate.

My temper, too, may rise in days to come. My blood may boil. But I devoutly hope and I believe that the indiscriminate massacre of civilians and the wholesale destruction of beautiful cities may yet be avoided. For, if 100,000 civilians were slain in the streets of Berlin tonight, I do not believe that the people of Germany would rise against their government tomorrow and demand peace. I believe, on the contrary, that their hatred of the enemy and their determination to win the war would be intensified. I know that such would be the effect if a similar attack were made upon London.

YET the only object of such an attack must be to break down the resistance of the population. If it strengthens that resistance, it does worse than fail. From a strictly military viewpoint, both sides have plenty of civilians to spare. The number of bombers is limited and bombs are costly. To expend them on anything save military objectives of the first importance is waste of the most valuable ammunition. The first nation that deliberately attacks the capital of another will gain little or nothing on the material side, and on the moral side it will forfeit the respect of the neutral world. Russia never commanded that respect. If she had, she would have forfeited it by the bombardment of Helsinki.

I have never believed in the nations agreeing not to use this or that particular weapon—such as gas or submarines—because it is supposed to be a little crueler than others. No nation fighting for its life will ever observe such agreements; any weapon that will win the war will seem permissible. The only agreements that have been observed are those by violating which the violator would gain little or nothing. For this reason the white flag as the sign of a demand for peace has usually been respected; prisoners have not been put to death. For the same reason it should be possible to conclude agreements whereby certain cities should be exempt from aerial attack. In such cities it should be laid down that no troops should be quartered and no munition plants installed.

That surely would be a more civilized and a more scientific way of approaching the problem than the indiscriminate bombing advocated by Mr. Wells.

Civilization is tumbling to pieces before our eyes. Let us try to salvage some of the precious fragments from the debris and stave off for as long as possible the complete collapse.

THE END

Why not fight fatigue the way fire-fighters do?

YOU'VE probably noticed at a stubborn fire how the firemen take time out now and then for a steaming hot cup of coffee.

During cold weather, you've probably thought that they drank the coffee to warm up. And that's correct. But it's not the only reason.

Fire-fighting is hard work, a nerve-wracking strain. And coffee relieves fatigue—eases nerve tension—makes mind and muscles more alert.

Coffee gives you a pick-up too. And that beneficial lift lasts only two hours if you're like 97 out of 100 people.* So, of course, you can enjoy coffee at dinner—*and sleep.*

PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

*Medical authority on request

RIGHT or WRONG?

What's your score in this 1-minute Coffee Quiz?

COFFEE CALMS THE NERVES

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

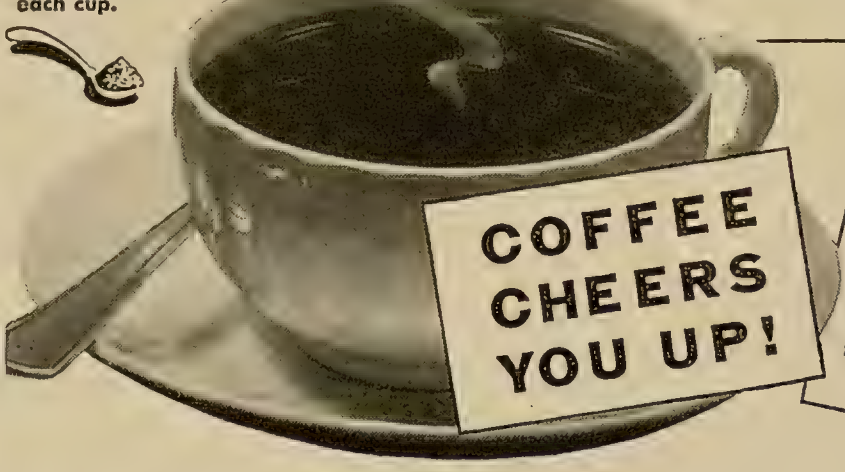
Coffee, for centuries, has been the mainstay of men working under pressure—firemen, seamen, Red Cross workers. They drink coffee to relieve the nervous strain, for better mental and physical coordination. Check "Right" above.

COFFEE IS HABIT-FORMING

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

Of course, coffee is a stimulant. Yet it is a very beneficial one. For it relieves fatigue instead of merely dulling the sense of fatigue as a narcotic does. And when the pleasing effects of coffee wear off, there is no feeling of depression—no physiological craving for more. Check "Wrong" above.

REMEMBER THIS: To make good coffee, use enough—a heaping tablespoonful to each cup.


COFFEE CHEERS YOU UP!

IS THERE A COFFEE FESTIVAL IN YOUR TOWN?

Leading department stores are featuring, during February and March, the latest in coffee-brewing devices and demonstrating the best methods of brewing coffee. You'll find it interesting.

DON'T MISS IT!

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

ONE MAN'S LOVE

Two-Minute Story

BY ELIZABETH STARR

HE was picking flowers for Elaine. Dainty, fragrant little valley lilies from their garden. Dear Elaine. He remembered when her father had introduced them at his golf club. She had been playing, and her bright fair hair was tumbled, her exquisite little face flushed. She looked up at him and smiled; and the world was a wonderful place; she was wonderful, and he loved her even then.

They played a game, and she said with her sweet teasing smile that he was giving it to her, he must be, because her father had said he was such a good player. Or maybe he wasn't concentrating. But he was concentrating, though not on the game.

His love grew deeper and deeper; and much later, on that bright starry night when they were munching apples on her veranda and laughing, he suddenly stopped laughing and looked down at her in her big chair. She was adorable and he loved her; he had to tell her so. It might have been easier for him had he known then that she loved him too, and thought he looked perfectly godlike eating apples. But he didn't know, and when he had stumbled through it somehow, she just smiled, with tears welling up in her deep gray eyes, and whispered, " I'm so awfully glad."

They had gay, unbelievably happy times after that, while Elaine became a fixed and permanent glory in his mind and heart. Every little thing she said or did was wonderful. Finally the great and gloriously important day came—their wedding day. He had never seen anything so beautiful as his bride as she walked slowly and gracefully down the aisle on her father's arm. Her hair was a bright soft halo beneath the flowing white veil. There was a strange sweet smile on her lips; her eyes were gentle and—holy. And she loved him. Or she said she did.

Suddenly he was assailed with panic. Maybe she would stop loving him after they were married. So many marriages didn't work out, and he was nothing, while she was wonderful—so wonderful. But then their eyes met, and there was fear and panic in hers too. And he knew she loved him in the same way, humbly and adoringly, and always would.

The days flew by, the most glorious days of his life. She was such a darling little housewife in her ruffly white apron; and when he came home from work she always had the house clean and shining and dinner ready, although she looked as sweet and fresh as one of the valley lilies he was picking.

He realized he had picked enough now, and started down the road, to Elaine. He turned in at the big iron gate with the memory of her tugging at his heart, and laid the flowers on her grave.

Dear Elaine!

[It is with pleasure that Liberty's editors welcome to the ranks of professional writers the author of the foregoing Two-Minute Story. Miss Starr but recently reached the mature age of thirteen.]

WHY MEN MARRY

Two-Minute Story

BY L. B. WESLEY

HE was lonesome enough to die. As he strode through the crowd, the good cheer of laughing couples only intensified his own sense of solitariness.

Just then he saw her walking perhaps a hundred feet ahead of him, with a graceful, elastic step. Ever since he had studied anatomy in medical school he had enjoyed the smooth co-ordination of calm nerves and rhythmic muscles.

He quickened his step somewhat in order to gain a nearer view, but not enough to pass her; for as the distance between them shortened his interest increased. She did not even glance aside, and she seemed oblivious to the chill breeze that sent shivering sensations up and down his spine. She was enveloped in an elegant black fur coat that gained in beauty by the contrast of white fur at the neck.

Here indeed, only these few feet away, was a lovely creature such as he had long dreamed would ultimately meet his urgent need for cheerful companionship. As their eyes met, hers shone just enough to assure him that hers was essentially a friendly nature. It was already late for supper, and he began scheming how he could induce her to eat with him. Then, bold thought, he imagined her sharing his meal every evening.

Right then he was in a mood to believe the old fallacy that two can live as cheaply as one, or at least that two together need not spend more than two apart. He was sure she would neither smoke nor drink, so there would be no expense on that account. And she was undoubtedly the kind to keep her public appearance attractive regardless of clothing budgets.

What indefinable prestige her presence would impart to his modest rooms! For there was in her bearing that pride of ancestry that is the very genius of aristocracy.

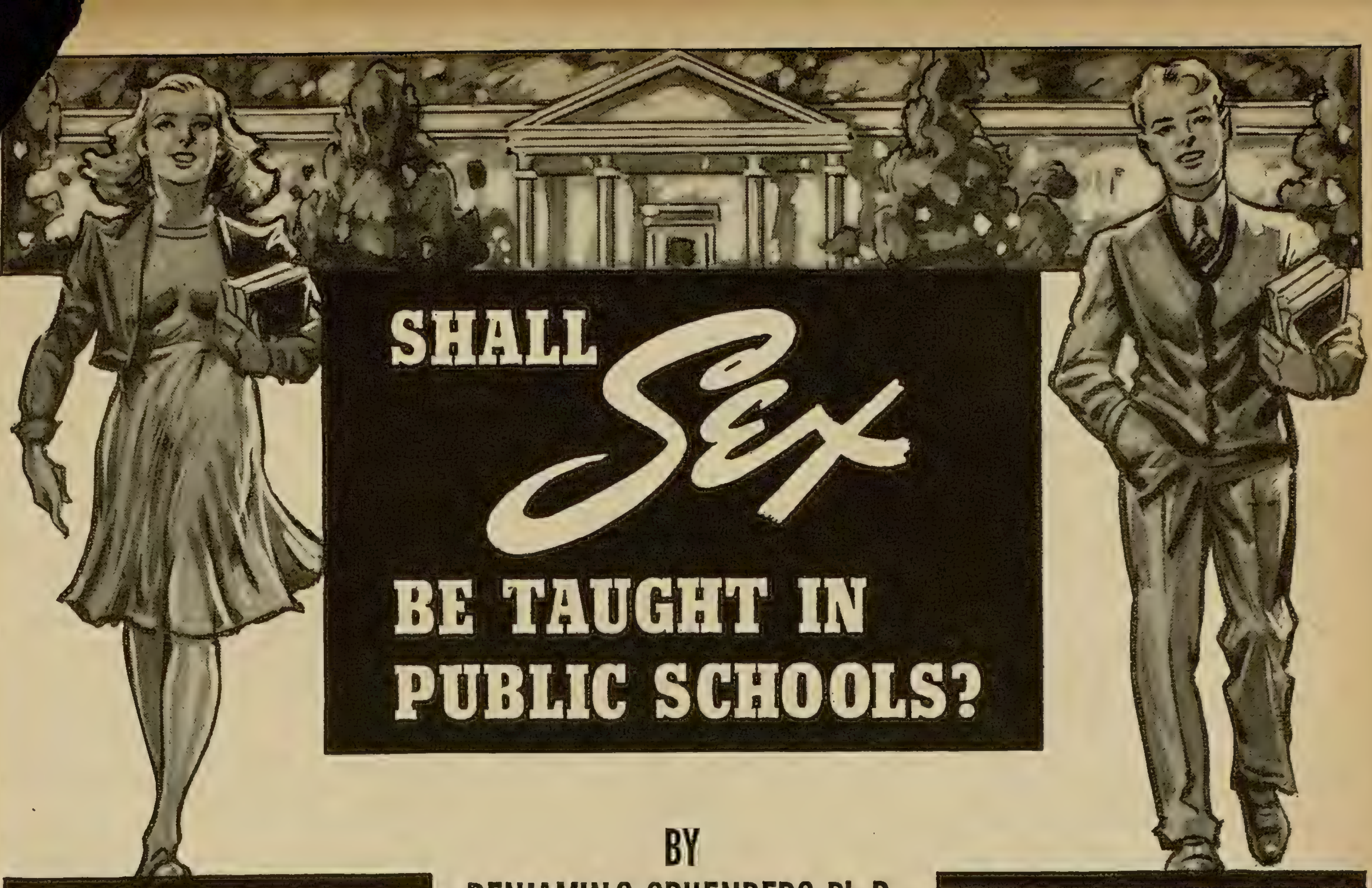
He had been realizing increasingly how much a busy doctor needs distraction from annoying trifles. His older friends had been telling him how a good wife kept out of their lives many petty problems.

But he must not evade the question of increased responsibilities. Would he care to be chargeable for all that she might do, not alone to him but to the neighbors and to his patients? If they did not stroke her temperamental fur just the right way, would she spit emotional fire and scratch their sensitive feelings?

Right there his sentiments conquered his reason. He wanted her, and he would have her. Now he was walking directly beside her. Gently he reached over and lifted to his side the black-and-white kitten, and was immediately rewarded with a contented purr as she snuggled into the crook of his arm.

THE END

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding them.



SHALL *Sex* BE TAUGHT IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

BY BENJAMIN C. GRUENBERG, Ph.D.

Noted educator and special consultant, U. S. Public Health Service

Outspoken, authoritative! Here's plain talk about a problem for every parent

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

OUGHT there to be sex education in the schools?

Or, as many think, is sex education exclusively a job for the parents and the home?

Or might the job be shoved off on the family doctor?

Or should the pastor do it, as a part of religious instruction?

Or would it be better to keep out of hot water by ignoring the matter entirely—just leave the children to pick it up as they can, wherever they can, perhaps from the gutter, with a gutter vocabulary of pungent four-letter folk words and a mental attitude to match?

Pursuing this easiest do-nothing way—shall we not save ourselves a lot of wear and tear by permitting young people, as at present, to get their outlooks from the movies, the radio, the roadhouse, the shop window, the advertisements, the current periodicals, the newspapers?

Which of these several ways may be expected to work best? Which would seem to be acceptable to an entire American community? Which might further the greatest good for the greatest number?

One thing we must understand from the start: sex education of a sort is going on all the time—in school, on the street, at home, on billboards, everywhere. If we are not satisfied with the results, we have only to consider: what kind of sex education do we really want? How should we prefer our boys and girls to get their views of sex?

Today's paper, for example, announces with a wink that Jimmy Doe and Elizabeth Roe, high-school seniors, have eloped; and over on Main Street the gossips are betting it will be a " premature " baby.

Sylvia So-and-So, on the third page, is in Reno after two months of marriage. Something he didn't know; something she didn't know. Too bad!

Also, occasionally a girl drops from the roof, or drowns in the river, or takes a powder; or maybe there is a mysterious " appendicitis " operation.

And then there are occasional disturbing rumors about illegitimacy and outbreaks of venereal disease in the high school. Those on the inside are continually aware of such problems, but those who are most concerned with boys and girls not touched by scandal are usually unaware how close to any danger their own children may be.

Even the boys and girls who become involved in " unfortunate affairs " are in most cases innocent of cynical wrongdoing. They are the victims, rather, of a pitiful youthful ignorance and confusion whose end results range all the way from adolescent necking and playing with fire on through marital crack-up, adultery, perversions, disease, " love nests," prostitution, " sex murders," and the like. Pervading the picture is emotional disorder and a universal misery of restless seeking.

In adolescent " bull sessions " the talk is 80 or 90 per cent about sex; not flippant or obscene talk but serious speculation on love and life, which, under mature guidance, might be very fruitful. The same holds for girls.

Here are a few of the more printable of hundreds of blunt questions anonymously addressed in writing to Dr. Valeria Parker and other educators by boys and girls of every cultural level. Note that, whatever the level, they all want to know about sex:

After somebody gets the syphilis from you does it leave you or stay with you?

How do you go about asking your wife if you would like to have some children in the family?

Is there anything wrong with kissing? If so, what is it?

Should you discuss children before you are married?

Can you have sexual intercouse without giving a girl a baby?

How can we find better words to use if we find it necessary to talk about such things?

Do (people) mate while in the administrative period? I've heard people are not supposed to have contact during a woman's administrative period. Why?

What does maternity mean?

Almost half the questions addressed to Dr. Parker concerned sex and reproduction, venereal disease, homosexuality, masturbation, prostitution, necking, kissing, nudism, and

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Pinkham's Compound positively contains no opiates or habit forming ingredients—it is made from nature's own wholesome roots and herbs *each* with its own *special* work to do. *Try it!*

Note: Pinkham's Compound comes in liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).

the like. In a girls' trade school 20 per cent of the questions were about menstruation; 31 per cent about pimples, perspiration, skin, and hair; 18 per cent concerned social conduct, petting, "going steady"; 14 per cent concerned various health problems, including sexual relationships and disease.

They all want to know about sex. In addition, boys want to be strong and powerful, girls want to "look nice." A typical question is: "How may one cultivate the habits that might cause one to have boy friends?" They are all eager for friendship and attention from the opposite sex, and they clearly need guidance in developing those habits and practices that are most likely to lead to satisfactory courtship and mating.

In some schools certain symptoms show the need for sex education to be especially acute. Among such symptoms are the appearance of obscene drawings and scribblings on the walls of toilets, and the tearing of passages that have to do with sex out of encyclopedias, dictionaries, the classics. Similar mutilations extend to nude pictures.

NEAR Boston are two schools attended by children from good middle-class homes. One of these shows the usual "symptoms"; in the other there is nothing of the sort. In the first school the teaching staff had the common negative attitude toward sex, damned it with a rigid and eloquent silence. That attitude imparted itself to the children. In the second school the teachers were wholesomely outspoken; there were unexpurgated physiologies and other books on the library shelves; the pages dealing with sex were well smudged by youthful hands but never mutilated or marked; the toilet walls remained blank. Sex was apparently nothing secret to get excited about, since the teachers took it for granted.

In a good high school in a city with an excellent school system, the biology teacher was accustomed to take a class of boys and girls to the anatomical museum of the medical school, where they saw models and preserved specimens of fetuses in various stages of development, the reproductive system, male and female—and so on. The boys and girls studied the exhibits, taking notes, making comments, asking questions, and soberly discussing what is always of deep interest. It worked perfectly.

Then the school got a new biology teacher. He segregated the boys and girls on those trips to the museum. And at once the whole tone of the visits changed. There were nudges, exchange of sly glances, a general atmosphere of guilt and nastiness. It was anything but wholesome "sex education." It was the sort of thing which opponents of sex education in the schools quite justly apprehend—but it was also the sort of thing that is constantly present wherever we avoid "sex education."

What did the mischief here was apparently the attitude of the untrained, blundering adult who made the children revert to the prevailing attitudes of secretiveness, guilt, and unspeakableness associated with sex.

I suggest that "sex education" in any school without trained teachers is bad medicine. From trained teachers, however, we may expect a quality of sex education which simply is not to be had from any but very exceptional parents in their own homes. And the same applies to the average doctor and the average pastor.

There are two chief obstacles to sex education in the schools. One is the opposition of individuals and groups who have horrendous visions of ruthless exposés of the privacies of marriage, discussions of "technique," and similar bugaboos. The other is the lack of trained teachers.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 48

1—Old King Brady and Young King Brady, heroes of Secret Service, a weekly five-cent novel that flourished in the early part of the twentieth century.

2—No. The Canary Islands are said to be so named from the large dogs (Latin, *Canis*) found on the islands.

3—Yes. He married Gemma Donati, who bore him seven children.

4—George Bernard Shaw.

5—The two general types of ice cream are Philadelphia ice cream and French ice cream. Philadelphia ice cream is composed of cream, sugar, and flavoring, and is frozen without being cooked. French ice cream is made of a cooked custard mixture.

6—Natoma, a full-length opera in which Mary Garden starred; and Madeleine, a lyric opera in one act, in which Frances Alda and Paul Althouse appeared.

7—Mardi Gras, an occasion for parades and festivals before the Lenten season begins. The name "Fat Tuesday" comes from the French custom of leading a fat ox in the street parade.

8—Bali.

9—Suzanne Lenglen, noted French tennis player.

10—The telephone at the New York Aquarium is disconnected every April Fools' Day, to keep people from calling up and asking for Mr. Fish.

11—Dean Swift wrote Gulliver's Travels.

12—A girl; a delinquency notice; mind your own business.

13—A "retractation."

14—Myrrh is commonly used as an ingredient of mouthwashes.

15—Hosea. Read your Bible.

16—"Theism" can mean a morbid condition from the excessive use of tea.

17—Get through in a hurry.

18—They mean nothing. They are letters selected at the International Radio Telegraph Conference in 1912, on account of simplicity of the message, and for no other reason.

19—A French billion is one thousand million; an English billion is one million million. Remember this in future debt-paying.

20—A New York police commissioner gave orders that the police were not to spoil their symmetry with bulging pockets.

First, as to apprehensive individuals and groups:

Sex education is vastly more than "facts," information on the anatomy of sex and reproduction. It is rather a phase of character education—education of the whole child, of the whole personality. It means the developing in the child of socially desirable adult attitudes and practices. It is a socializing process which includes much that has nothing directly to do with sex. It includes mental hygiene, social hygiene, friendship, courtship, marriage, social relationships in general—in short, all that is vital to emaking and the establishing and lding of families.

How can all that be done? Only by weaving life understandings and interpretations into the whole school curriculum. Practically every subject taught in high school impinges on sex. This is instantly apparent in any consideration of literature, history, art, the social sciences, biology, physiology, and the like — provided, of course, that in teaching such subjects clear-minded adults do not expurgate them, thus robbing them of one of the principal human motivations that make them tick.

This conception of sex education diffused, in its natural settings, throughout the school curriculum, is set forth with detailed outlines and suggestions in Public Health Service Bulletin No. 75, High Schools and Sex Education, which I have recently revised in my capacity as special consultant to the U. S. Public Health Service. It may be had for 20 cents from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C.

Much of the opposition to sex education in the schools, I repeat, is due to misunderstandings as to what such education would consist of. But not all of it. Part of it is fostered by emotional members of the Old Guard who consider sex nasty and would avoid anything that could be interpreted by young people as an adult acceptance and approval of sex.

For example, my wife, in conversation with a young woman she had not seen since her marriage, learned that the girl was expecting a baby. When my wife later said something that implied a sexual relationship, the girl was insulted and indignantly repudiated the imputation. She and her husband were not the kind of people who would do anything like that!

I knew also a young couple whose health began to break after several months of marriage. When they consulted their doctor, he was astounded to find that they were living a brother-and-sister life, in separate bedrooms. Why? Because they had "high ideals" to which they were going to live up—that's why. Sex was sinful and degrading. Hence they would have none of it; and they had fought their natural impulses till the boiling conflict inside them was wrecking them and their marriage.

They simply carried out uncompromisingly the implications about sex which lie in our official ways of dealing with it. They would go St. Paul one better. He said it was "better to marry than to burn"; they would both marry and burn. Their point of view differed little from that of the typical emotional obstructionists who perpetuate the traditional sex education by opposing enlightenment and guidance in the schools.

Some of the religious teachers recognize the beneficent and constructive role of sex in human life. Among these, however, many fear that any but a strictly religious approach might lead to irresponsible license. They would not entrust sex education to any secular agency, unless perhaps the parents and the home. But in the meantime they do next to nothing, and the parents less.

Other religious groups are aggressively obstructive. They regard sex as God's one big mistake, and they do not want it ever to be divorced in young minds from a sense of guilt. They will not have sex recognized as being in the nature of man and an integral part of his life.

Thus the old fears about sex, which in effect isolate sex from life as the private preserve of the devil, obstruct every decent attempt to help teachers and pupils reorient their outlooks and deepen their understandings with regard to sex. In some towns, due to the pressure exerted by puritanical groups, any reference to sex in the schools is explicitly prohibited by law. In others, any effort by educators to consider the problem soberly is immediately squelched, often without the public knowing of the existence of such undercover activities.

NOW as to the lack of trained teachers:

Most teachers are not only untrained for such work, but very many have deeply rooted habits of mind and emotional attitudes which make it impossible to retrain them to do anything but sit on the side lines and withhold their interference.

More than half of our teachers were schooled in traditions that have been uncriticized and unrevised for a hundred years or more. Most of them are nice virtuous well intentioned unmarried ladies who feel strongly, with the Old Guard, that sex is a nasty subject.

I am not ridiculing or undervaluing the old-time type of teacher. Much that I value in my own life I got from just such teachers in my youth. Their uncomplicated code, however, simply does not fit our present times, our present knowledge, and our present population.

Some of these old-timers try to overcome their fixed attitudes and deal with sex objectively in the schoolroom. Then they find their tongues cleave to the roofs of their mouths. Others don't even try. They remain evasive if not implacably hostile.

Waiting for these old-timers to pass on is no solution. We have to develop sounder training for prospective teachers and reorient the younger teachers now in service, besides working with parents and community leaders.

Such is the problem. I would be the last to suggest that "sex education" be projected into the school, like a new idea in chemistry. But that the work can be done, under courageous and imaginative leadership, I am sure—if only because it is already being done in many communities, where conditions are right, with great success.

THE END

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READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

An American woman looks at life—A heart-warming letter to Bernarr Macfadden from a Liberty reader

I JUST read How to Retire on $500. But Clark Richardson doesn't know the half of it. I too am a pioneer, but I have learned all the answers and can still wear my hat.

I am a barber's wife, with three boys. Finished high school when I was sixteen, taught country schools until I was nineteen. Married a tramp barber from Chicago and went to North Dakota to prove up a homestead. No money, no judgment, no common horse sense, but lots of enthusiasm and an inborn love of Mother Nature that has altered our entire lives.

After muddling along for ten years in about ten different states, we arrived in Minneapolis one morn just as the sun was rising, the fir big city the boys and myself had ever been in. A thrill, let me tell you, and just as big a thrill this morning, ten years later, when I watched the sun rise over Happy Hills, our twenty-eight-acre poultry farm.

I am enclosing a picture of our place, Mr. Macfadden, for you like little farms too, where folks raise what they eat and eat what they raise, and like it.

My garden is grand. All the fresh vegetables we can eat and enough canned to feed a dozen families like ours all winter. We " eat all we can," you know, and " what we can't we can." It's all you need to beat the depression, unemployment, high prices, low wages, and all the other evils that are turning dark heads white, blue eyes red, and upsetting the equilibrium of the world in general.

I feel almost guilty at times, when I hear of the real suffering and want going on around us. It's so unnecessary when, with a strong back and a lot of elbow grease, any one can take a good cow (we have six), a garden, a flock of chickens, an orchard, a berry patch, a few pigs, a few turkeys, a few geese, a few ducks—and have everything a man needs to ride to heaven in high and enter by the front door.

Our boys are grown now. One has finished the University of Minnesota and is a full-fledged mining engineer with a job with a future. Terry is taking dentistry—has had four years and has three more to go. He told me the other day, " Mom, do you know 'Success is doing the thing you like best to the best of your ability'? "

I like that definition. It defines happiness and peace of mind and all the other things that I have found at Happy Hills just as adequately.

Bob, our baby, doesn't care about studying. His passion is automobiles and he dreams of the day when he'll own the biggest garage in Minneapolis, with airplanes and everything. More power to him, and to me too.

I have 500 White Leghorn pullets. Raised 'em myself, so I know they are good. They are state-inspected, blood-tested, and from trap-nested ancestors that lay between 325 to 350 eggs per hen per year.

I know, chickens don't pay—everybody is going out of the poultry business. Neither does a garden pay. You can buy all you can eat for fifty cents. And cows, pigs, turkeys—nothing pays but to go on relief. The world owes us a living, anyway, so why work your head off?

Well, Mr. Macfadden, I guess that's all. I learned a lot of it from your editorials. Thank you. I love 'em all, except the ones where you shoot it into Roosevelt. In my estimation, he is 200 per cent, and I'll go to the mat any day for him and his " Charm Hour."

Roosevelt for 1940! Give him time and he'll lick 'em yet.

—*Mrs. Ben Ohnstad.*

THE END

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK!

Vacation Resort and Travel Game

American Airlines photo.

$2,000 IN CASH PRIZES

Northern Pacific photo.

SAN FRANCISCO

National Trailways photo.

MOUNTAINS, seashore, plains, lakes, rivers. Famous hostelries, cabins in the hinterlands, dude ranches, cottages. Swift, comfortable, safe trains, planes, and buses. The great vacation playground of North America offers the vacationist a choice of places to go, ways of getting there and things to do unsurpassed anywhere in the world. And no other people in the world are more conscious of their opportunity for change and relaxation.

You, yourself, have probably been a student of travel and vacation literature for years. The lure of travel, the chance to indulge a hobby or sport, to see new places, to visit famous historic and natural landmarks, is felt by all of us.

Liberty invites you to turn that interest, that knowledge of places to go and ways of getting there, into cash awards. Beginning next week the annual Vacation Resort and Travel Contest gets under way with $2,000 in cash divided into an attractive schedule of prizes. Plan to test and add to your knowledge of North American vacationland! Enjoy the thrill of discovering forgotten places all over again! And win a substantial sum to add to your 1940 vacation budget. Your chance to capture a prize is excellent. Complete information next week in Liberty.

Virginia Cons. Comm. photo.

Courtesy N. P. Ry.

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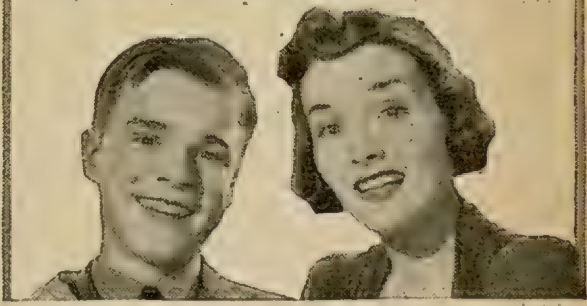

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AGAIN MR. MILLER ANSWERS MR. SOKOLSKY

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In Vox Pop for December 30, 1939, George E. Sokolsky, referring to his earlier Liberty article, Truth With a Twist, and my subsequent answer to it, tried again to make Liberty readers believe that the Institute for Propaganda Analysis had its genesis in an organization called the Society for the Integrity of the News.

He tried again to indicate that somehow the Institute and myself were guilty of some peculiarly low form of skulduggery.

For the benefit of Liberty readers, permit me to say again that the Institute for Propaganda Analysis was not in any way connected in its genesis or in its operation with any society or federation for the integrity of the news. It grew out of my course in Public Opinion and Education at Teachers College, Columbia University. In the summer session of 1936 I gave a lecture to students on propagandas of the Presidential campaign. In that lecture I attempted to reveal the propaganda devices used in their acceptance speeches by President Roosevelt and by the Republican candidate, Alf Landon.

The lecture, a few months later, was the basis for an article printed in the educational magazine The Clearing House. A copy came to the attention of Mr. E. A. Filene, the Boston merchant. He asked me to see him. He said, in our first conference in New York in the spring of 1937, that he thought it highly important that the American people learn how to recognize and analyze propaganda; he said he hoped that some organization to this end might be created.

That conference was followed by others, attended by Mr. Filene, by eminent social scientists, educators, and students of public opinion. Among the latter was Mr. Edward L. Bernays, the public relations counsel. Mr. Filene subsequently asked both Mr. Bernays and myself to present plans for an organization to analyze propaganda. He accepted my plan, and the Institute was organized in the fall of 1937, beginning its work with a $10,000 grant from Mr. Filene.

If Mr. Sokolsky and the readers of Liberty wish confirmation of this, let them ask Mr. Bernays, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City, for a copy of his house organ, Contact, No. 46, which later in that fall of 1937 contained an article about the newly formed Institute. Mr. Bernays obviously did not like Mr. Filene's decision. His article was unfavorable both to Mr. Filene, who had died in France in September, 1937, and to the Institute. It does, however, throw light upon the question of the founding of the Institute.

For further confirmation of these facts, I refer Mr. Sokolsky and any Liberty reader who, as a result of Mr. Sokolsky's misstatements about the Institute, may think there is something "fishy" about it, to Mr. Percy Brown, who for some years was an associate of the late Mr. Filene.

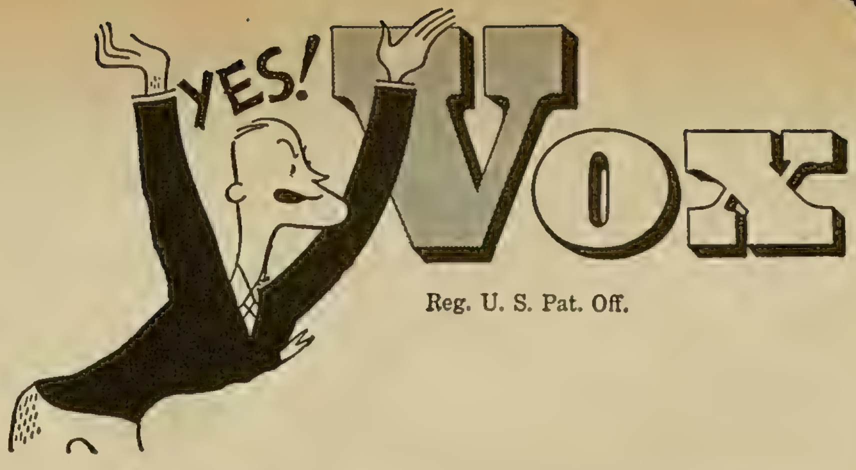
Mr. Brown now is executive director of the Edward A. Filene Good Will Fund, Inc., of Boston. To this philanthropic foundation Mr. Filene left much or most of his estate.—*Clyde R. Miller, Secretary, Institute for Propaganda Analysis.*

TALENT NOT INHERITED

DENVER, COLO.—I question a statement made in the article Has Orson Welles Gone Hollywood? (January 20 Liberty). This statement, by Frederick L. Collins, is to say George Orson Welles inherited a musical talent from his mother, inventiveness from his father. Not learned, but inherited. Ah, there's a great difference!

I consider this an error in a school of rank psychoanalysis or in the mind of a partially trained layman. How could such a theory exist?

I am sure, if Mr. Collins would check with any reputable psychologist or psychiatrist, he would be quick to see the unlikelihood of any such specialized inheritance.—*Bridgett R. Right.*



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CHINESE NURSE PROTESTS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In Chinatown Angel, by Dean S. Jennings (January 6 Liberty), the author stated in part of one paragraph as follows: "There are nurses in Chinese hospitals [please note plural] who once cringed in vice dens." Since there is only one Chinese hospital in America, I take it he refers to the Chinese Hospital in San Francisco.

I happen to be a Chinese graduate nurse working in the institution, and on reading such an erroneous statement by Mr. Jennings, I suggest he should investigate further before committing himself to such a fantastic tale about us Chinese nurses.

For his information, there are ten active Chinese graduate nurses who are employed as general or private-duty nurses. When the hospital was opened in 1925 there were two graduate Chinese nurses. I am sure at no time were any of us cringing in vice dens. We couldn't possibly be cringing in vice in our infancy. Mr. Jennings' conception is far from correct.

Not only is this my own personal opinion but the opinion of all the Chinese nurses here. We feel Mr. Jennings has made an unjustifiable statement which should be retracted.—*Grace Hee.*

三藩市東華醫院

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

MARINERS HARBOR, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.—Would you be so kind as to print for me the poem beginning "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night sailed off in a wooden shoe"? That is all I know of it, and at that I do not know if it is correct.—*E. M. I.*

◖ Sorry that his beautiful poem is too long for insertion here, but why not get a volume of Eugene Fields' poems, in which it is?—Vox Pop Editor.

PASTING THE FORECASTER

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—We were invited to "paste" Ted Husing (December 30 Liberty) if his forecast turned out wrong. But why wait? Here's the sock, Mr. Husing.

Byron Potter will not be a backfield star for Oklahoma University next fall. No, sirree! He is a senior '39 and will not play in 1940.—*Jack Bryant, Jr.*

HERSHEY, PA.—Take exception to the following statement in A Forecast of Sports for 1940: "Byron Nelson, the 1939 Open and P. G. A. champ, should prove Snead's closest and toughest rival." Henry Picard of the Hershey Country Club, and *not* Byron Nelson, is the P. G. A. champion of 1939. Remember the thirty-seventh hole? — *Rich Ziegler.*

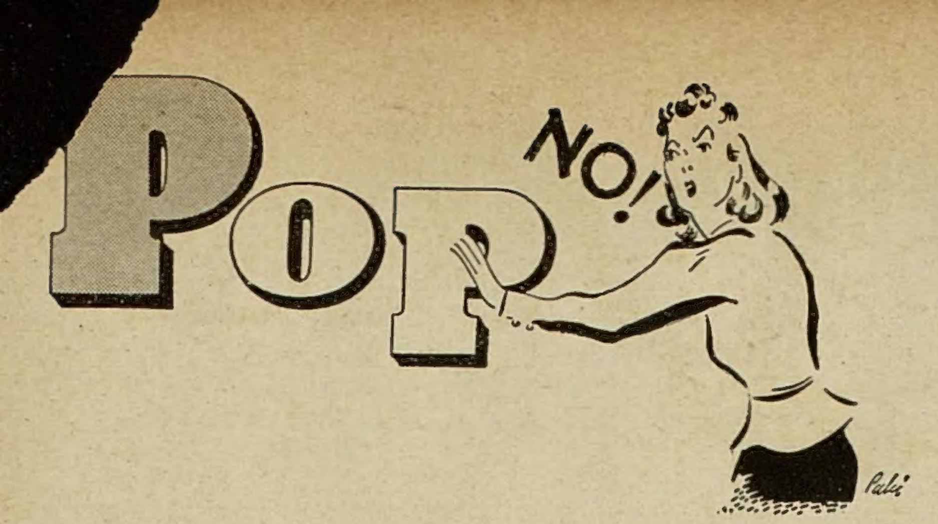
A CLASSIC DEFINITION

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Mr. Oursler's definition of Americanism (December 2 Liberty) is a classic. It should be read at the beginning of every term in every grade and high school and college in the United States, and, for that matter, all over the world.

It clarifies the meaning of a word dear to all of us but, I am afraid, all too nebulous to most of us.—*Charles C. Goldman.*

HOW HIS NICKEL GOES

TOPEKA, KAN.—I wish you would kindly reduce the popularity of your magazine, as I



am a bartender, and by the time all of my customers get through reading it, it is time for the next week's issue.

After all, it was my magazine and my nickel!—*Tom Grace, Jr.*

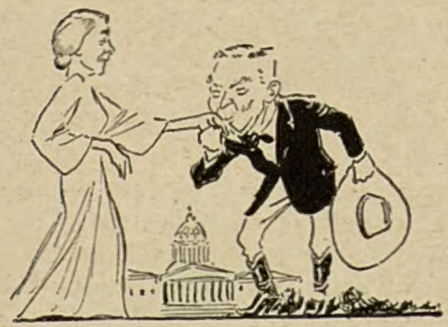
HALF-WITS AND SMART GUYS

BRIDGETON, N. J.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial Is Our Official Oath of Office Meaningless? (January 27 Liberty) is written in language so simple that even a half-wit can understand it. A lot of people are fast getting the idea that the man on the street is the half-wit. The boys who are holding down public jobs seem to be the smart guys. They go merrily on their way, giving opinions that have no legal background, and getting away with it just because the majority of the American public are such boobs they make no attempt to make our public servants live up to the oath they take.

If a few determined men would wait on these political hypocrites with a bunch of clubs, or some tar and feathers, and make an example of a few of them, possibly the others would take a tip.—*Ralph L. Myers.*

NO SOAP, NO VOTES

WASHINGTON, IA.—Even if the man with the ten-gallon hat does kiss the hand that bites him, still we know he is a tobacco-drinking, whisky-chewing, polka-playing, evil old man. That below-the-border stuff gets no votes in the tall corn state.—*W. D. Gray.*



BOMBING BERLIN

HUDSON, N. Y.—How a well versed man like H. G. Wells has the audacity, the nerve, the gall to write such an article as Berlin Should Be Bombed (February 3 Liberty) is beyond me!

He must think it dramatic, intriguing, to see innocent and defenseless people slaughtered. If that is the only solution he can offer to the solving of the European war, I suggest Mr. Wells might write a comic strip entitled War Is Such a Lovely Thing.—*S. T. Wheeler.*

BAYSIDE, N. Y.—Quite agree with H. G. Wells. Considering Germany has been the cause of two wars and untold suffering, it is surprising that Berlin has yet to experience an air raid.

During the last war England was raided continuously for three years, so why should Germany imagine she should be exempt?—*M. Butler.*

HE LEARNED THE HARD WAY

UPPER DARBY, PA.—Certainly I enjoyed Why I Shall Raise My Boy to Be a Prizefighter, by Harry Blitman (January 27 Liberty).

This article gave a vivid account behind the scene of action. It was a personal story but could have been told in general, naming other great and near-greats of the ring as well. Nearly all of them have been "taken" sometime or other by the "smart" crowd.

Mr. Blitman made and lost a quarter of a million dollars and the lesson he learned was an expensive one. However, the advice he is giving his son can be passed along to every boy in the country.

Mr. Blitman may be a ring veteran but he is still young in years, and I am willing to predict that he will be a champion in another chosen career, because he has what it takes. He learned the hard way, and I, for one, am wishing him success. And I'm sure you do, too.—*Philip L. Hamelin.*

❡ "Congressman Dies' story is very good," chortles G. L. H. of Washington, D. C. "I'll bet before he's through the 'Hitlereds' and 'Stalinazis' will be hoping he lives up to his name.

HUGE PLAN OF ROBBERY?

KENOSHA, WIS.—I would like to see an article or articles unearthing the great gambling syndicate in this country and how this network covers the whole country. In our County of Kenosha alone there are about 1,000 slot machines.

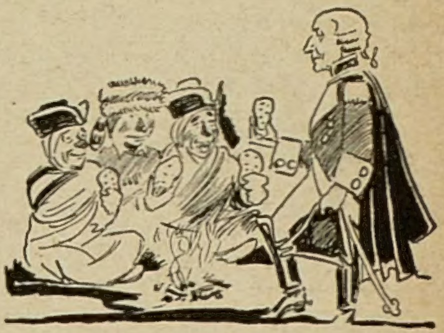
Where are all the slot-machine and pin-ball factories? How many are employed? What is their income? Who owns these factories? And why not enact a national law to prevent their transportation across state lines, as lottery tickets are now prohibited?

Why cannot some one get down at the bottom of this huge plan of robbery and put an end to it?—*John F. Kuehnl.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—In my travels through the United States, which include all forty-eight states, I find better times, more enjoyment, and people more contented, on the whole, where there is a machine that they can put an odd nickel into.—*Edwin Moore.*

WON WAR ON POTATO!

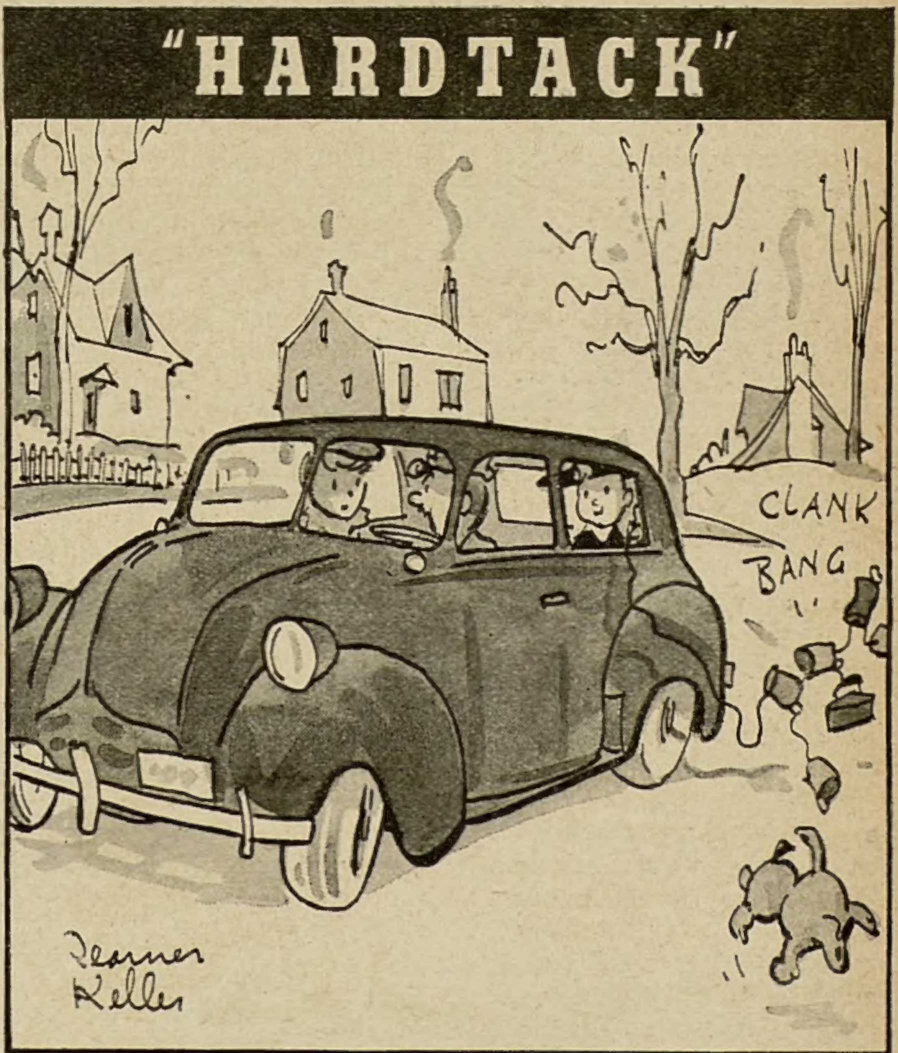
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Supplementing Mr. Converse Cleveland's statement in January 27 Vox Pop anent George Washington having a baked potato, nothing more, for his Christmas dinner at Valley Forge:



Historians tell us that the baked potato so full of spiritual courage was an ancestor of the famed Red River Valley Ohio, of the Northwest, sweet, mealy, and full of vitamins, and on which George and his brave little band won the war.

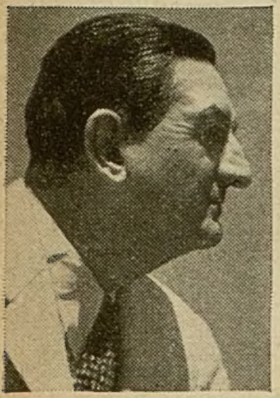
It's a fact, and we can prove it.—*J. E. Delmore.*

❡ "Taxpayers," says Julia Juste of Albion, Michigan, "would be interested in an exposé of the veterans' pension racket."



"The car's only two weeks old and already it rattles like a crate!"

The Private Life of J. Edgar Hoover



FULTON OURSLER
Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

THE AMERICAN people woke up the other day to find a new sensation on the front page. Raids by federal officers, operating in New York City, had turned up seventeen men accused of plotting the overthrow of the United States government by force of arms. The scared seventeen had a few rifles and large plans, according to the charges brought against them. The skeptics—and many an American is a compound of skepticism and superstition, often believing today what he rejected yesterday—were inclined to make light of the conspiracy. Seventeen men with cat-and-rat rifles--were they something to be afraid of? This skepticism quickly altered to concern, however, when officials charged that there were many more involved; that the ramifications of the so-called Christian Front plot were extensive and in some instances astounding. The skepticism waned. Indignation grew—and with indignation a feeling of relief that the government peace officers were so vigilantly alert.

"THIS FELLOW HOOVER is a wonder," people said. "Why wouldn't he make a good President?" Among the dark horses galloping toward the conventions, J. Edgar Hoover began to show a burst of speed. But, many began to ask, does he know about any government problems other than crime? It is a fact that the private life and attainments of J. Edgar Hoover are little known. For a long time he has worked in the spotlight of world-wide public interest, but this interest centered on his activities as the World's Number One Four-Star Policeman. His war against public enemies from No. 1 to No. 100,000 was front-page news. There is another J. Edgar Hoover that has remained a mystery to the country. Next week we intend to solve that mystery in The Private Life of J. Edgar Hoover, by Frederick L. Collins. Incidentally, we too have worked in the dark. Mr. Hoover has not discovered—at the moment of this writing, at least—that we are going to expose his private life to the nation. It is a story of real Americanism, of struggle and hardship and triumph. Incidentally, is Mr. Hoover a Republican or a Democrat? Do you know the answer? You will find the facts about his politics and many other matters in Liberty next week.

HERE ARE QUESTIONS not to be heard on quiz programs: (1) Will the Yankees baseball team be broken up, for the good of the game in general? If not, why not? (2) Will Field Marshal Goering take the hint of the Allies, allowing Hitler to be destroyed and himself making peace? (3) What brave little nation needs a miracle to save its life? (4) Can you name a college professor who in summer vacations puts on a red uniform and gold braid and travels with a circus as a lion tamer? (5) Is Charles Boyer back in Hollywood, having been released from the French army, to serve as Propagandist Number One for his country? (6) Is a "double cross" ever justified, especially in a doctor, above all in a woman doctor? (7) What do you do when you sprain your ankle and find yourself engaged to a heel? (8) What answer can Los Angeles make to the recent Lid Off articles by Dwight F. McKinney and Fred Allhoff in this magazine? (9) Are our school children being taught false and unpatriotic notions about American history in our public schools? (10) How did John Kieran, outstanding star of the Information Please radio program, learn all the things he knows?

HERE ARE ANSWERS to the foregoing questions. Read in Liberty next week the complete facts in the following articles, numbered to correspond with the questions: (1) Why the Yankees Won't Break Up, by Edward G. Barrow; (2) Will Goering Bring Peace? by René Kraus; (3) Finland Is Lost Unless—by Edward Doherty; (4) Part-Time Daniel, by Louis Kosoff; (5) Why Was Charles Boyer Sent Back to Hollywood? by Kirtley Baskette; (6) Doc Virginia Does a Double Cross, by Vingie E. Roe, a stirring short story; (7) Bagdad Begins, another fine short story by Royal Brown; (8) Los Angeles Answers the Liberty articles, by Buron C. Fitts, District Attorney of Los Angeles; (9) Hard-Boiled Babes, by George E. Sokolsky; (10) Ask-Him-Another Kieran, by Morris Markey.

As you may have gathered, we think the next issue of Liberty, especially with the serials and features, is swell. And—oh, yes—the season on parodies about editors and trees is hereby and herewith officially closed with the final gasp by Betty Coffee of Elwood, New Jersey:

"I enjoy your page a lot, and especially the smart verses that occasionally creep in.

"I write a column called Jersey'n' Along for the Atlantic City, New Jersey, Press, and scribble a bit otherwise.

"Can you endure a further rave about 'Trees'?

Please—Cease—' Trees '!
Oh, Editor, deliver, please,
Your readers from these lin
 Trees.
Like this, it's really awful stuff,
And thank you, sir, we've had enough
Dumps are full of poems like these—
So won't you cease this wheeze on
 Trees?"

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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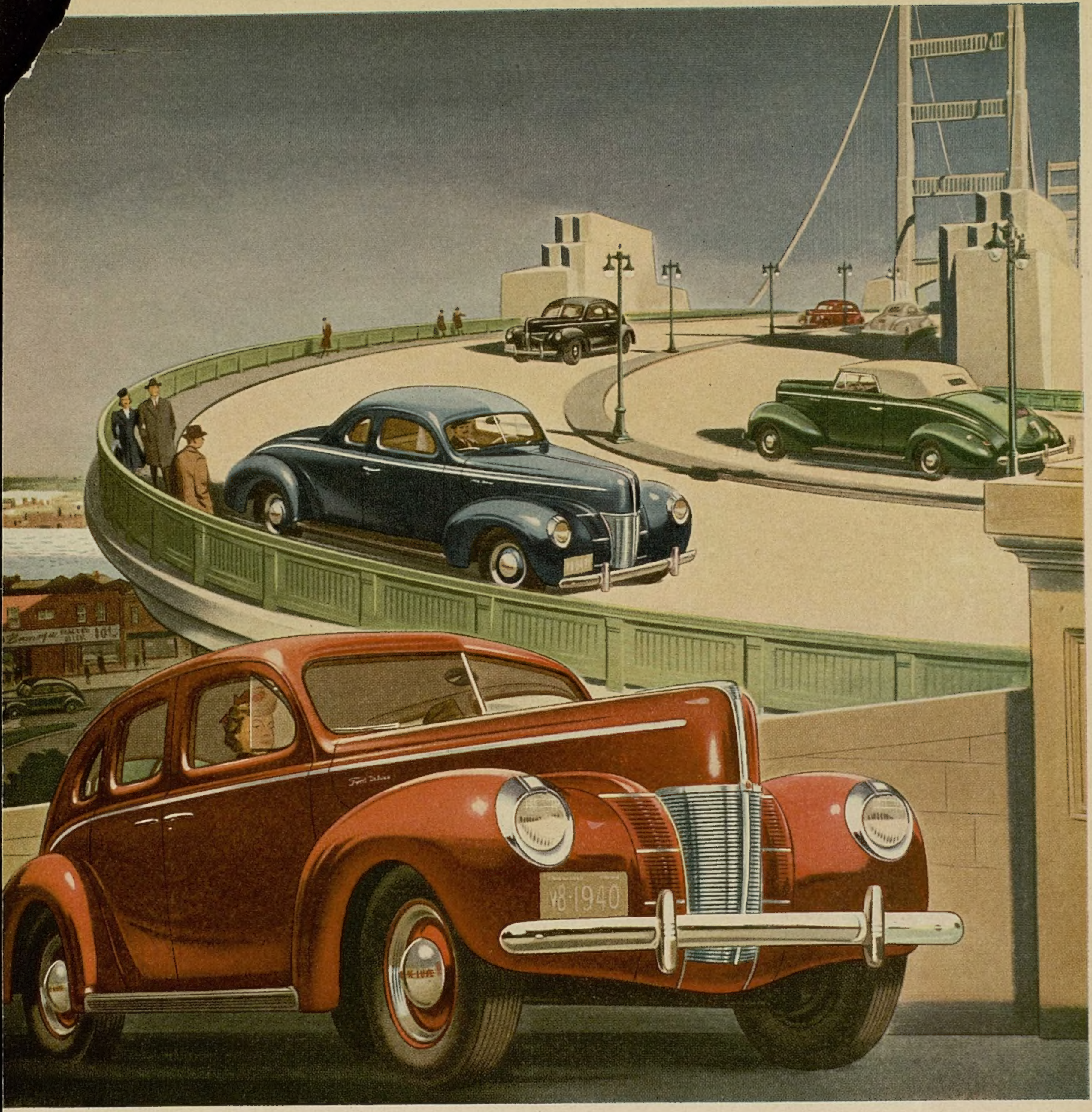
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY CHARLES LASALLE



Modern Cars for Modern Highways

Watch the FORDS go by!

Through crowded city canyons . . . down busy small-town Main Streets . . . past pleasant country crossroads . . . *the 1940 Fords are going by!*

Big cars these — with long hoods and flowing lines. . . . *Colorful* cars — with lustrous enamel baked into the body metal and rustless steel shining bright. . . . *Comfortable* cars — with rich appointments, deep, soft seats and a quiet, restful ride.

Ten years ago, you couldn't have bought cars so fine at *any* price — and you would have paid several hundred dollars more than low Ford prices for a smooth, sweet-running V-8 engine!

Ford

More than 27,000,000 Ford cars — far more than any other make — have gone out to serve the world. The experience gained in building so many contributes to the excellence of today's Ford cars.

The 1940 Ford V-8 has all the honest value owners have come to expect plus many modern features that make it more than ever The Quality Car in the Low-price Field.

LIKES FLASHING SPEED ON SKIS

but chooses
slow-burning Camels
for

EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

It takes your breath away even to watch him. Headlong down the steep side of the mountain. A flash of the poles...a perfect telemark turn...and there he goes. That's Bob Bourdon, former Vermont champion. On skis, he's one of New England's *fastest*. But in smoking, he's strictly on the *slow* side. Read what he says *(at right)*.

SPEED'S FINE IN SKIING BUT THE 'EXTRAS' IN SMOKING GO WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS

In the Cannon Mountain Aerial Tramway, Franconia Notch, N. H., Bob Bourdon *(above)* enjoys a *slow*-burning Camel. "No speed for me in my smoking," says this ski champion. "Camels are slower-burning and give me extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor."

● In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Copr., 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"THE faster the going, the more fun in skiing," says Bob Bourdon. But he has a different angle on cigarettes. When Bob Bourdon says: "Slow burning is my guide to more mildness, more coolness, and more flavor," he's putting the stamp of actual smoking experience on the findings of science.

Fast burning in a cigarette means *heat*. Nothing dulls the delicate elements of cigarette flavor and aroma so surely as excess heat. There's little pleasure in a hot, flat smoke in which the flavor has been burned away.

The extra mildness, refreshing coolness, and that smooth, mellow "I'd-walk-a-mile-for" flavor of Camels are confirmed by recent widely reported scientific tests, in which Camels...the cigarette of costlier tobaccos...burned the *slowest* of the sixteen of the largest-selling brands tested! *(See panel at left.)* So, change to slow-burning Camels and enjoy *extra pleasure* and *extra* smoking...equal, on the average, to five extra smokes per pack.

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF
...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Camels—*the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos*